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# SACRED SONGS

FOR

# FAMILY AND SOCIAL WORSHIP;

COMPRISING

## THE MOST APPROVED SPIRITUAL HYMNS

WITH

## CHASTE AND POPULAR TUNES.

O give thanks unto the Lord; call upon his name. Sing unto him, sing psalms unto him. PSALM 105:1, 2.

NEW EDITION REVISED AND ENLARGED.

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JUL 17 1936

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# PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

It is the design of this work to promote devotional singing in the closet, in the family, and in meetings for social worship. The aim has been to furnish a selection of spiritual Hymns, classified in the order of subjects, with a nice adaptation of chaste and popular tunes, of sufficient number and variety to meet existing wants. In preparing the volume, unwearied pains have been taken to combine the best talent and taste in sacred poetry and music; with the hope that this manual might occupy the same rank in its important department, as do the spiritual classics, already issued by the Society, in that of practical divinity. As early as the Reformation these were identified: "Next to theology," said Luther, "it is to music that I give the highest place and the greatest honor."

The *Hymns* are of that standard, evangelical character, which has stamped with immortality the productions of Watts, Doddridge, Newton, Cowper, Steele, and kindred poets. They have been selected, from the whole range of sacred poetry, for their superior lyric and practical excellence; and where various readings exist, those have been chosen with which it was supposed the churches were most familiar. The *music* has been adapted to the hymns, instead of subordinating the poetry to the music.

The Committee gratefully express their obligations to Thomas Hastings, Esq., of New York city, who has patiently exercised his acknowledged talent, in the selection and arrangement of the tunes, and their adaptation to the hymns; and has unhesitatingly selected from his own copy-right publications, all those tunes that seemed suited to add to the attractiveness and permanent value of this work. Lowell Mason, Esq., of Boston, has also rendered valuable counsel

and aid, besides the generous contribution of thirty-five tunes of which he holds the copy-right. To Messrs. Kingsley of Philadelphia, and Pond of New York, and others, kindred acknowledgments are also due. The skill and experience acquired by the exclusive devotion of years to the interests of sacred music, have thus been placed in requisition to give variety and completeness to the volume, while the readiness of composers to furnish their esteemed productions, is honorable to their Christian character, and to the religion of Christ.

It is hoped that these "Sacred Songs" will be blessed of the Holy Spirit, in promoting individual, family, and social piety; in refining and ennobling the taste of the young, so as to supersede the relish for vulgar amusements and pursuits; in endearing the parental roof to children, and in quickening the attention and enlivening the affections of domestic circles, as they read the word of God and bow around the family altar. Should God thus graciously accept this offering, and the praises of his people be rendered more sweet and spiritual in their seasons of social prayer and communion, and the hearts of men, thus subdued, be the better prepared to embrace the truth in the love of it; and should the Triune God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, receive more hallowed and acceptable ascriptions of praise for redeeming love, the object of the contributors, compilers, and committee will have been accomplished.

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## NEW EDITION.

This work, having been thirteen years in circulation, has now been revised and enlarged. Some of the less interesting pieces have been exchanged for others, and new ones have been added, which greatly enhance its value. Thanks are due to several new contributors, especially Messrs. W. B. Bradbury and G. F. Root of New York, whose musical talent and labors are widely known and appreciated.

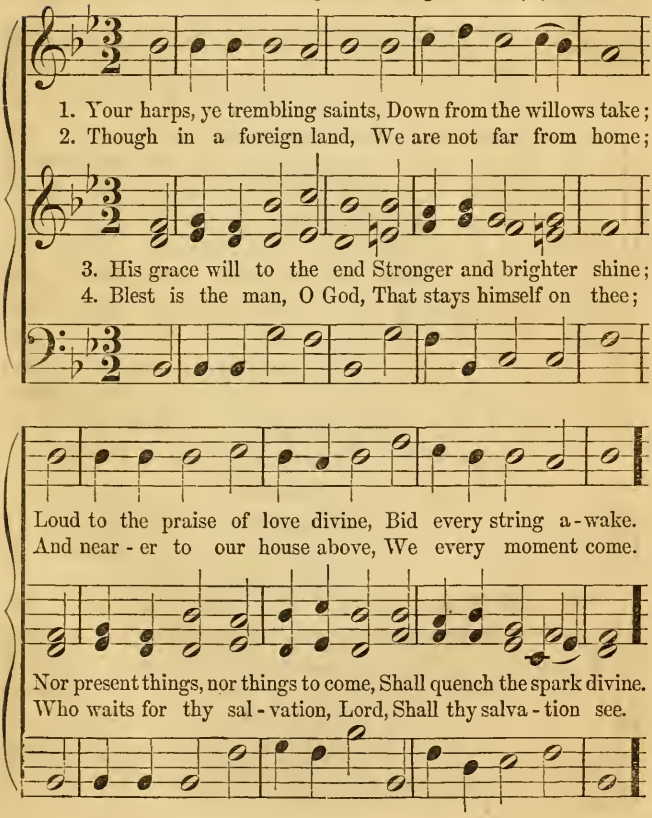
November, 1855.

# SACRED SONGS.

## Praise to God.

### OLMUTZ. S. M.

Arranged from a Gregorian Chant, by L. Mason.



## FERGUSON. S. M.

G. KINGSLEY.

1. Let eve - - - ry crea - - - ture join To

praise th' e - ter - - nal God: Ye heaven - ly hosts, the

song be - - gin, And sound his name a - broad.

2. **Psalm of Praise.** S. M.

1. Let every creature join,
   To praise th' eternal God;
   Ye heavenly hosts, the song begin,
   And sound his name abroad.

2. Thou sun, with golden beams,
   And moon, with paler rays;
   Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames,
   Shine to your Maker's praise.

3. He built those worlds above,
   And fixed their wondrous frame:
   By his command they stand or move,
   And ever speak his name.

4. By all his works above,
   His honors be expressed;
   But saints, who taste his saving love,
   Should sing his praises best. WATTS.

---

3. **The Kind Shepherd.** S. M.

1. While my Redeemer 's near,
   My Shepherd and my Guide,
   I bid farewell to every fear;
   My wants are all supplied.

2. To ever-fragrant meads,
   Where rich abundance grows,
   His gracious hand indulgent leads,
   And guards my sweet repose.

3. Dear Shepherd, if I stray,
   My wandering feet restore;
   And guard me with thy watchful eye,
   And let me rove no more. STEELE.

## OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

1. From all that dwell be--low the skies Let
2. E--ter--nal are thy mer-cies, Lord; E--
the Cre---a-tor's praise a-rise; Let the Re-deem-er's
ter-nal truth attends thy word; Thy praise shall sound from
name be sung Thro' eve-ry land, by eve-ry tongue.
shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.

5. **Praise to God.** L. M.

1. Ye nations round the earth, rejoice
   Before the Lord, your sovereign King;
   Serve him with cheerful heart and voice,
   With all your tongues his glory sing.

2. The Lord is God; 't is he alone
   Doth life, and breath, and being give;
   We are his work, and not our own;
   The sheep that on his pastures live.

3. Enter his gates with songs of joy,
   With praises to his courts repair;
   And make it your divine employ
   To pay your thanks and honors there.

4. The Lord is good, the Lord is kind;
   Great is his grace, his mercy sure;
   And the whole race of man shall find
   His truth from age to age endure. WATTS.

---

6. **Praise to God.** L. M.

1. With one consent, let all the earth
   To God their cheerful voices raise;
   Glad homage pay with awful mirth,
   And sing before him songs of praise.

3. O enter then his temple gate,
   Thence to his courts devoutly press;
   And still your grateful hymns repeat,
   And still his name with praises bless.

4. For he 's the Lord, supremely good,
   His mercy is for ever sure;
   His truth, which always firmly stood,
   To endless ages shall endure.

BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER.

## LAIGHT-STREET. C. M.

H.

1. Lord, when my raptured thought sur - veys Cre-

2. Where'er I turn my gaz - - ing eyes, Thy

a - tion's beau - ties o'er, All na - - ture joins to teach thy

ra - diant footsteps shine: Ten thousand pleas - ing wonders

praise, And bid my soul a - dore, And bid my soul adore.

rise, And speak their source divine, And speak their source divine.

3. On me thy providence has shone
With gentle, smiling rays:
O let my lips and life make known
Thy goodness and thy praise. STEELE.

---

8. **Providence of God.** C. M.

1. God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform:
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2. Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

3. Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4. Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5. His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6. Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain. COWPER.

## JAZER. C. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. Long as I live I'll bless thy
2. Great is the Lord, his power un--

name, My King, my God of love; My work and

known; And let his praise be great; I'll sing the

joy shall be the same, In the bright world a--bove.

hon--ors of thy throne, Thy works of grace re-peat.

3. Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue;
And while my lips rejoice,
The men who hear my sacred song
Shall join their cheerful voice.

4. Fathers to sons shall teach thy name,
And children learn thy ways;
Ages to come thy truth proclaim,
And nations sound thy praise.

5. The world is managed by thy hands;
Thy saints are ruled by love;
And thine eternal kingdom stands,
Though rocks and hills remove. WATTS.

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10. **Perpetual Praise.** C. M.

1. Yes, I will bless thee, O my God,
Through all my mortal days;
And to eternity prolong
Thy vast, thy boundless praise.

2. Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim
The honors of my God;
My life with all its active powers
Shall spread thy praise abroad.

3. Not death itself shall stop my song,
Though death will close my eyes;
My thoughts shall then to nobler heights
And sweeter raptures rise.

4. There shall my lips in endless praise
Their grateful tribute pay;
The theme demands an angel's tongue
And an eternal day. HEGINBOTHAM.

## HOWARD. C. M.

1. In all my vast concerns with thee, In
2. Thy all- surround - ing sight sur - veys My

vain my soul would try To shun thy pres - - ence,
ris - ing and my rest, My pub - lic walks, my

Lord, or flee The no - - - - tice of thine eye.
pri - - vate ways, And se - - - - crets of my breast.

3. My thoughts lie open to the Lord
Before they 're formed within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.

4. O wondrous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.

WATTS.

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12. God's Eternal Dominion. C. M.

1. Great God, how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

2. Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made:
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

3. Nature and time quite naked lie,
To thine immense survey,
From the formation of the sky,
To the great burning day.

4. Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view;
To thee there 's nothing old appears,
Great God, there 's nothing new.

5. Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares;
While thine eternal thoughts move on
Thine undisturbed affairs.

WATTS.

## ANVERN. L. M.

Arranged from the German by LOWELL MASON.

1. Now to the Lord that makes us know The won-ders

2. 'Twas he that cleans'd our foul-est sins, And wash'd us

of his dy-ing love, Be humble honors paid below, And strains of

And brings us

in his richest blood; 'Tis he that makes us priests and kings,

no-bler praise a---bove, And strains of no-bler praise a--bove.

reb-els near to God, And brings us reb-els near to God.

3. To Jesus our atoning Priest,
   To Jesus our eternal King,
   Be everlasting power confessed,
   And every tongue his glory sing.

4. Behold, on flying clouds he comes,
   And every eye shall see him move:
   Though with our sins we pierced him once,
   Now he displays his pardoning love.

5. The unbelieving world shall wail,
   While we rejoice to see the day;
   Come, Lord, nor let thy promise fail,
   Nor let thy chariot long delay.

WATTS.

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## 14. Enjoyment of Christ's Love. L. M.

1. Jesus, thy boundless love to me
   No thought can reach, no tongue declare;
   Unite my thankful heart to thee,
   And reign without a rival there.

2. Thy love, how cheering is its ray!
   All pain before its presence flies;
   Care, anguish, sorrow melt away
   Where'er its healing beams arise.

3. O, let thy love my soul inflame,
   And to thy service sweetly bind;
   Transfuse it through my inmost frame,
   And mould me wholly to thy mind.

4. Thy love, in sufferings, be my peace;
   Thy love, in weakness, make me strong;
   And when the storms of life shall cease,
   Thy love shall be in heaven my song.

## WATCHMAN. S. M.

LEACH.

TENDERLY.

1. My God, my life, my love, To thee, to thee I call; I can - - not live, if thou re- - - where I dwell; 'Tis par - - - a - dise when thou art move, For thou art all in all.

2. Thy shining grace can cheer This dun - geon here; If thou de - - part, 'tis hell.

3. Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.

4. Nor earth nor all the sky
Can one delight afford;
No, not a drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.

5. Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll;
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul. WATTS.

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16. **Ingratitude Deplored.** S. M.

1. Is this the kind return,
Are these the thanks we owe,
Thus to abuse eternal love,
Whence all our blessings flow?

2. To what a stubborn frame
Has sin reduced our mind;
What strange, rebellious wretches we,
And God as strangely kind.

3. Turn, turn us, mighty God,
And mould our souls afresh;
Break, sovereign grace, these hearts of stone,
And give us hearts of flesh.

4. Let past ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes,
And hourly as new mercies fall,
Let hourly thanks arise. WATTS.

## RUSSEL. S. M.

Arranged from the late W. Russel, of London.

1. My soul, re - - - peat His praise, Whose
2. High as the heavens are raised A -
mer - - cies are so great, Whose an - - ger is so
bove the ground we tread; So far the rich - - es
slow to rise, So read - - - y to a - - bate.
of his grace Our high - - est thoughts ex - - ceed.

3. His power subdues our sins;
   And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
   Doth all our guilt remove.

4. The pity of the Lord,
   To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
   He knows our feeble frame.

5. He knows we are but dust,
   Scattered by every breath;
His anger, like a rising wind,
   Can send us swift to death.

WATTS.

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18. **Praise for Preserving Grace.** S. M.

1. To God, the only wise,
   Our Saviour, and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
   Their humble praises bring.

2. 'T is his almighty love,
   His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
   And every hurtful snare.

3. He will present our souls,
   Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
   With joys divinely great.

4. To our Redeemer God
   Wisdom with power belongs;
Immortal crowns of majesty,
   And everlasting songs.

WATTS.

## ABNEY. C. M.

ENGLISH.

1. Sweet is the mem - ory of thy grace, My
2. God reigns on high, but ne'er con - - fines His

God, my heaven - ly King; Let age to age thy
good - - ness to the skies; Thro' the whole earth his

right - eous - - ness In sounds of glo - - - ry sing.
boun - - ty shines, And eve - - - - ry want sup - - - plies.

22

3. With longing eyes, thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food;
Thy liberal hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouth with good.

4. How kind are thy compassions, Lord;
How slow thine anger moves;
But soon he sends his pardoning word
To cheer the souls he loves.

5. Creatures, with all their endless race,
Thy power and praise proclaim;
But saints, who taste thy richer grace,
Delight to bless thy name. WATTS.

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20. God the Christian's Happiness. C. M.

1. My God, my portion, and my love,
My everlasting all,
I've none but thee in heaven above,
Or on this earthly ball.

2. What empty things are all the skies,
And this inferior clod:
There's nothing here deserves my joys,
There's nothing like my God.

3. Were I possessor of the earth,
And called the stars my own,
Without thy graces, and thyself,
I were a wretch undone.

4. Let others stretch their arms like seas
And grasp in all the shore;
Grant me the visit of thy face,
And I desire no more. WATTS.

## NASHVILLE. L. P. M.

Arranged from a Gregorian Chant, by L. Mason.

1. I'll praise my Maker with my breath; And when my voice is lost in death, Praise shall employ my nobler powers; My days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life, and thought, and being last, Or immortality endures.

2. Why should I make a man my trust?
Princes must die and turn to dust;
Vain is the help of flesh and blood;
Their breath departs, their pomp and power,
And thoughts all vanish in an hour;
Nor can they make their promise good.

3. Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God: He made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train:
His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves th' oppressed, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

4. The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
He sends the laboring conscience peace;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

5. He loves his saints; he knows them well;
But turns the wicked down to hell,
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns:
Let every tongue, let every age,
In this exalted work engage:
Praise him in everlasting strains.

6. I'll praise him while he lends me breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

WATTS.

## ZELL, 8s & 7s.

Bost, a Clergyman of Switzerland.

LIVELY.

1. Praise to God, the great Cre - a - tor, Praise to God from eve - - - ry tongue; Join, my soul, with eve - - ry creature, Join the u - - ni - - ver - sal song, Join the u - - ni - - versal song.

2. Father, source of all compassion,
Pure, unbounded grace is thine:
Hail the God of our salvation,
Praise him for his love divine.

3. Joyfully on earth adore him,
Till in heaven our song we raise;
Then enraptured fall before him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

4. Praise to God, the great Creator,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
Praise him, every living creature,
Earth and heaven's united host.

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23. **Universal Praise.** 8s & 7s.

1. Praise the Lord, ye heavens adore him,
Praise him, angels in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before him,
Praise him, all ye stars of light.

2. Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken,
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;
Laws which never can be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.

3. Praise the Lord, for he is glorious;
Never shall his promise fail;
God hath made his saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.

4. Praise the God of our salvation,
Hosts on high his power proclaim;
Heaven, and earth, and all creation,
Praise and magnify his name. DUBLIN COLL.

## HEMANS. 6s & 4s. HASTINGS.

WITH ENERGY.

1. Glory to God on high! Let heaven and earth reply,

"Praise ye his name;" His love and grace adore, Who all our

sorrows bore; And sing for ev - er - more, "Worthy the Lamb."

2. Ye who surround the throne,
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising his name:
Ye who have felt his blood
Sealing your peace with God,
Sound his dear name abroad,
"Worthy the Lamb."

3. Soon must we change our place,
Yet will we never cease
Praising his name:
To him our songs we'll bring,
Hail him our gracious King,
And through all ages sing,
"Worthy the Lamb."

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25. **Invocation.**

1. Come, thou almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise.
Father all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of days.

2. Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour.
Thou, who almighty art;
Now rule in every heart,
And ne er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

## WHITE. C.M.

HASTINGS.

MAESTOSO.

1. The Lord our God is full of might, The winds obey his will: He speaks, and, in his heavenly height, The roll--ing sun stands still, The roll--ing sun stands still.

2. Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar;
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.

3. Howl, winds of night, your force combine;
Without his high behest,
Ye shall not, in the mountain-pine,
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

4. His voice sublime is heard afar,
In distant peals it dies;
He yokes the whirlwind to his car,
And sweeps the howling skies.

5. Ye nations, bend—in reverence bend;
Ye monarchs, wait his nod,
And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate your God. H. K. WHITE.

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27. God over All. C. M.

1. The Lord our God is Lord of all:
His station who can find?
I hear him in the waterfall,
I hear him in the wind.

2. He smiles, we live; he frowns, we die;
We hang upon his word;
He rears his mighty arm on high,
We fall before his sword.

3. He bids his gales the fields deform;
Then, when his thunders cease,
He paints his rainbow on the storm,
And lulls the winds to peace. H. K. WHITE.

## SICILIAN HYMN. 8s & 7s.

1. Hark! what mean those ho - - - ly voi - - ces

Sweetly sound - ing thro' the skies? Lo, th' an - gel - - - ic

host re - - joic - es, Heaven - ly hal - - - - le - lu - - jahs rise.

# Redemption.

2. Listen to the wondrous story
   Which they chant in hymns of joy;
   "Glory in the highest, glory!
   Glory be to God most high.

3. "Peace on earth, good will from heaven,
   Reaching far as man is found,
   Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven—
   Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4. "Christ is born, the great Anointed;
   Heaven and earth his praises sing!
   O receive whom God appointed,
   For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

5. "Hasten, mortals, to adore Him;
   Learn his name and taste his joy;
   Till in heaven ye sing before Him,
   Glory be to God most high." CAWOOD.

---

29. The Incarnation. 8s & 7s.

1. Shepherds, hail the wondrous stranger;
   Now to Bethl'em speed your way;
   Lo, in yonder humble manger,
   Christ the Lord is born to-day.

2. Christ, by prophets long predicted,
   Joy of Israel's chosen race;
   Light to Gentiles long afflicted,
   Lost in error's darkest maze.

3. Glad we trace th' amazing story
   Angels leave their bliss to tell;
   Theme sublime, replete with glory,
   Sinners saved from death and hell.

## FOLSOM. 11s & 10s.

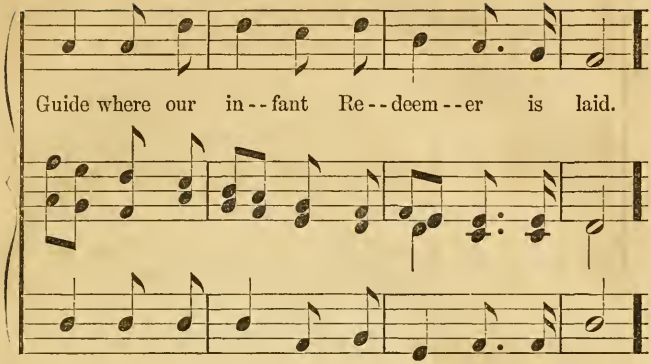
Arranged from Mozart by L. Mason.

1. Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,

Dawn on our dark - ness and lend us thine aid;

Star of the East, the ho - - - ri - - - zon a - dorn - ing,

FOLSOM—CONTINUED.




2. Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
   Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall:
   Angels adore him in slumber reclining,
   Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

3. Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
   Odors of Edom and offerings divine?
   Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
   Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

4. Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
   Vainly with gifts would his favor secure;
   Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
   Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5. Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
   Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
   Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
   Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

BISHOP HEBER.

## FRANKLIN. C. M.

S. B. POND.

1. Hark! the glad sound, the Saviour comes, The Saviour

2. On him the Spir - - - - it, largely poured, Exerts its

prom - - ised long; Let eve - - - ry heart pre- - -

sa - - - cred fire; Wis - - - dom and might, and

- - pare a throne, And eve - - - - ry voice a song.

zeal and love, His ho - - - - ly breast in - spire.

3. He comes—the pris'ners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

4. He comes—from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyeballs of the blind
To pour celestial day.

5. He comes—the broken heart to bind;
The bleeding soul to cure;
And with the treasures of his grace
T' enrich the humble poor.

6. Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name. DODDRIDGE.

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32. **Praise to the Redeemer.** C. M.

1. Oh for a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2. JESUS, the name that calms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'T is music to our ravished ears;
'T is life, and health, and peace.

3. He breaks the power of reigning sin,
He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean—
His blood availed for me. WESLEY.

## CANTON C. M.

A. F. WILLIAMS.

1. My God, the spring of all my joys, The
2. In dark--est shades, if he ap--pear, My

life of my de--lights, The glo---ry of my

dawn-ing is be--gun; He is my soul's bright

bright--est days, And com---fort of my nights!

morn---ing star, And he my ris----ing sun.

3. The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows his love is mine,
And whispers, I am his.

4. My soul would leave this heavy clay,
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
T' embrace my dearest Lord.

5. Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe:
The wings of love and arms of faith
Should bear me conqueror through.

WATTS.

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## 34. Goodness of God. C. M.

1. Thy goodness, Lord, our souls confess;
Thy goodness we adore:
A spring whose blessings never fail;
A sea without a shore.

2. Sun, moon, and stars, thy love declare
In every golden ray;
Love draws the curtains of the night,
And love brings back the day.

3. But thy compassion, gracious Lord,
Is in the gospel seen;
There, like a sun, thy mercy shines,
Without a cloud between.

4. There pardon, peace, and holy joy,
Through Jesus' name are given;
He on the cross was lifted high,
That we might reign in heaven.

GIBBONS.

## HOWLAND. L. M.

HASTINGS.

TENDERLY.

1. When I sur - vey the wondrous cross On

2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save

which the Prince of glo - - ry died, My rich - est gain I

in the death of Christ, my God; All the vain things that

count but loss, And pour con - - tempt on all my pride.

charm me most, I sac - - - ri - - - fice them to his blood.

3. See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
   Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
   Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
   Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4. Were the whole realm of nature mine,
   That were a present far too small;
   Love, so amazing, so divine,
   Demands my soul, my life, my all.

WATTS.

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## 36. Wonders of the Cross. L. M.

1. Nature with open volume stands
   To spread her Maker's praise abroad,
   And every labor of his hands
   Shows something worthy of a God;

2. But in the grace that rescued man
   His brightest form of glory shines;
   Here, on the cross, 't is fairest drawn,
   In precious blood and crimson lines.

3. Here I behold his inmost heart,
   Where grace and vengeance strangely join,
   Piercing his Son with sharpest smart,
   To make the purchased pleasures mine.

4. Oh, the sweet wonders of that cross,
   Where God the Saviour loved and died;
   Her noblest life my spirit draws
   From his dear wounds and bleeding side.

5. I would for ever speak his name,
   In sounds to mortal ears unknown;
   With angels join to praise the Lamb,
   And worship at his Father's throne.

WATTS.

## ELLISBURGH. L. M.

HASTINGS.

TENDERLY.

1. Stretched on the cross, the Sav - - - - iour dies; Hark!

2. But life at - tends the death - - ful sound, And

his ex - - pir - - ing groans a - rise: See, from his hands, his

flows from eve- - - ry bleeding wound; The vi - - tal stream how

feet, his side, Runs down the sa - - - cred crim - son tide.

free it flows, To save and cleanse his reb - - el foes.

3. Can I survey this scene of woe,
Where mingling grief and wonder flow,
And yet my heart unmoved remain,
Insensible to love or pain?

4. Come, dearest Lord, thy grace impart,
To warm this cold, this stupid heart;
Till all its powers and passions move
In melting grief and ardent love. STEELE.

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38. "It is finished." L. M.

1. 'T is finished—so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bowed his head, and died!
'T is finished—yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.

2. 'T is finished—all that heaven decreed,
And all that ancient prophets said,
Is now fulfilled, as was designed,
In me, the Saviour of mankind.

3. 'T is finished—this my dying groan
Shall sins of every kind atone;
Millions shall be redeemed from death
By this, my last expiring breath.

4. 'T is finished—heaven is reconciled,
And all the powers of darkness spoiled:
Peace, love, and happiness again
Return and dwell with sinful men.

5. 'T is finished—let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round;
'T is finished—let the echo fly
Through heaven and hell, through earth and sky

STENNET

## FARLAND. 8s, 7s & 4s. HASTINGS.

1. Hark! the voice of love and mer - cy Sounds a - - -
See, it rends the rocks a - - sun - der, Shakes the

1st TIME. 2d TIME.

loud from Cal - va - - ry; earth [*omit*] } and veils the sky! "It is

fin - ished! It is finished!" Hear the dy - - - ing Sav - iour cry.

39. "It is finished." 8s, 7s, & 4s.

1. Hark! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See, it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky!
"It is finished!"
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2. "It is finished!"—O what pleasure
Do these precious words afford!
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
"It is finished!"
Saints, the dying words record.

3. Finished—all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law;
Finished—all that God had promised;
Death and hell no more shall awe:
"It is finished!"
Saints, from hence your comforts draw.

4. Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Emmanuel's name:
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb. BURDER'S COLL.

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Doxology.

Glory be to God the Father,
Glory to the eternal Son,
Sound aloud the Spirit's praises;
Join the elders round the throne:
Hallelujah!
Hail the glorious Three in One.

## SOLON. L. M.

SLOW.

1. He dies, the Friend of sin - - ners dies!

2. Come, saints, and drop a tear or two

3. Here's love and grief be - - - yond de - - - gree,

Lo, Salem's daughters weep a - round! A solemn dark - ness

For him who groaned beneath your load: He shed a thou - sand

The Lord of glo - - ry dies for men! But lo, what sud - den

veils the skies; A sud - den trem - bling shakes the ground!

drops for you, A thousand drops of rich - - er blood.

joys we see: Je - - sus, the dead, re - - vives a - - gain!

4. The rising God forsakes the tomb,
   Up to his Father's court he flies,
   Cherubic legions guard him home,
   And shout him, Welcome to the skies!

5. Dry up your tears, ye saints, and tell
   How high our great Deliverer reigns;
   Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
   And led the tyrant death in chains.

WATTS' LYR.

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## 41. Christ's Intercession. L. M.

1. He lives, the great Redeemer lives!
   What joy the blest assurance gives!
   And now, before his Father God,
   Pleads the full merit of his blood.

2. Repeated crimes awake our fears,
   And justice armed with frowns appears;
   But in the Saviour's lovely face
   Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.

3. Hence, then, ye black despairing thoughts;
   Above our fears, above our faults,
   His powerful intercessions rise,
   And guilt recedes and terror dies.

4. In every dark distressful hour,
   When sin and Satan join their power,
   Let this dear hope repel the dart,
   That Jesus bears us on his heart.

5. Great Advocate, almighty Friend!
   On him our humble hopes depend:
   Our cause can never, never fail,
   For Jesus pleads and must prevail.

STEELE.

## HAWES. 7s, 6 LINES. GERMAN.

1. From the cross up-lift-ed high, Where the
What me--lo-dious sounds we hear, Bursting

Sav-iour deigns to die,
on the rav---ished ear! } "Love's re---deem-ing

work is done; Come and welcome, sin---ner, come."

2. "Sprinkled now with blood the throne,
Why beneath thy burdens groan?
On my piercéd body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid;
Bow the knee, and kiss the Son;
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

3. "Spread for thee, the festal board
See with richest dainties stored;
To thy Father's bosom pressed,
Yet again a child confessed,
Never from his house to roam,
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

4. "Soon the days of life shall end;
Lo, I come, your Saviour, Friend,
Safe your spirit to convey
To the realms of endless day,
Up to my eternal home;
Come and welcome, sinner, come." HAWEIS

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## 43. Praise from all Nations. 7s.

1. God of mercy, God of grace,
Show the brightness of thy face;
Shine upon us, Saviour, shine,
Fill thy church with light divine;
And thy saving health extend
Unto earth's remotest end.

2. Let the people praise thee, Lord;
Be by all that live adored;
Let the nations shout and sing,
Glory to their Saviour King;
At thy feet their tribute pay,
And thy holy will obey. LYTE.

## MARTYN. 7s.

S. B. MARSH.

1. Ma-----ry to the Sav-iour's tomb,
Spice she brought and sweet per--fume,

D. C. Tremb-ling, while a crys--tal flood

Hasted at the ear--ly dawn;
But the Lord she loved had gone;

For a while she

Is-sued from her weep-ing eyes.

D. C.

lingering stood, Filled with sor-row and sur--prise;

D. C.

D. C.

2. But her sorrows quickly fled
When she heard his welcome voice:
Christ had risen from the dead;
Now he bids her heart rejoice:
What a change his word can make,
Turning darkness into day!
Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,
He will wipe your tears away.

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45. **Christ a Refuge from the Storm.** 7s.

1. Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last.

2. Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is stayed;
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want:
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace. WESLEY.

## RHINE. H. M. MANHATTAN COLL.

MAESTOSO.

1. Yes, the Redeemer rose, The Saviour left the dead, And

o'er our hellish foes High raised his conquering head : In wild dis- - -

may, The guards around Fall to the ground, And sink a - way.

2. Lo, the angelic bands
In full assembly meet,
To wait his high commands
And worship at his feet:
Joyful they come,
And wing their way
From realms of day
To Jesus' tomb.

3. Then back to heaven they fly,
The joyful news to bear;
Hark! as they soar on high,
What music fills the air!
Their anthems say,
"Jesus, who bled,
Hath left the dead;
He rose to-day."

4. Ye mortals, catch the sound,
Redeemed by him from hell,
And send the echo round
The globe on which you dwell:
Transported cry,
"Jesus, who bled,
Hath left the dead,
No more to die."

5. All hail, triumphant Lord,
Who sav'st us with thy blood;
Wide be thy name adored,
Thou rising, reigning God.
With thee we rise,
With thee we reign,
And empires gain
Beyond the skies.

DODDRIDGE.

## PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

2d TREBLE.

1st TREBLE.

1. An--gels, roll the rock a--way! Death yield

2. Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes; See the

up thy migh---ty prey! See, he ris----es

Con-queror mount the skies; Troops of an---gels

from the tomb, Glow-ing with im--mor---tal bloom.

on the road Hail and sing th' in-car-nate God.

3. Heaven unfolds her portals wide:
Glorious Hero, through them ride;
King of glory, mount thy throne,
Boundless empire is thine own.

4. Praise him, ye celestial choirs,
Praise, and sweep your golden lyres;
Praise him in the noblest songs,
From ten thousand thousand tongues.

5. Let Immanuel be adored;
Ransom, Mediator, Lord:
To creation's utmost bound
Let th' immortal praise resound. GIBBONS.

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48. The Lord is Risen. 7s.

1. Christ the Lord is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say:
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply!

2. Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the victory won:
Jesus' agony is o'er,
Darkness veils the earth no more.

3. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ has burst the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbids him rise,
Christ has opened paradise.

4. Lives again our glorious King!
"Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once he died our souls to save;
"Where's thy victory, boasting grave?"

CUDWORTH.

## AINSWORTH. 7s. HASTINGS.

BOLD.

1. Now be---gin the heaven--ly theme;

2. Mourn-ing souls, dry up your tears,

Sing a---loud in Je---sus' name; Ye, who Je--sus'

Ban-ish all your guil--ty fears; See your guilt and

kind--ness prove, Tri-umph in re-deem--ing love.

curse re---move, Can-celled by re--deem-ing love.

3. Ye, alas, who long have been
Willing slaves of death and sin,
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop, and taste redeeming love.

4. Welcome, all by sin oppressed,
Welcome to his sacred rest:
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing, but redeeming love.

5. Hither, then, your music bring,
Strike aloud each joyful string:
Mortals, join the host above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

MADAN'S COLL

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## 50. Praise for the Incarnation. 7s.

1. Sweeter sounds than music knows
Charm me in Immanuel's name;
All her hopes my spirit owes
To his birth, and cross, and shame.

2. When he came, the angels sung,
"Glory be to God on high;"
Lord, unloose my stammering tongue;
Who should louder sing than I?

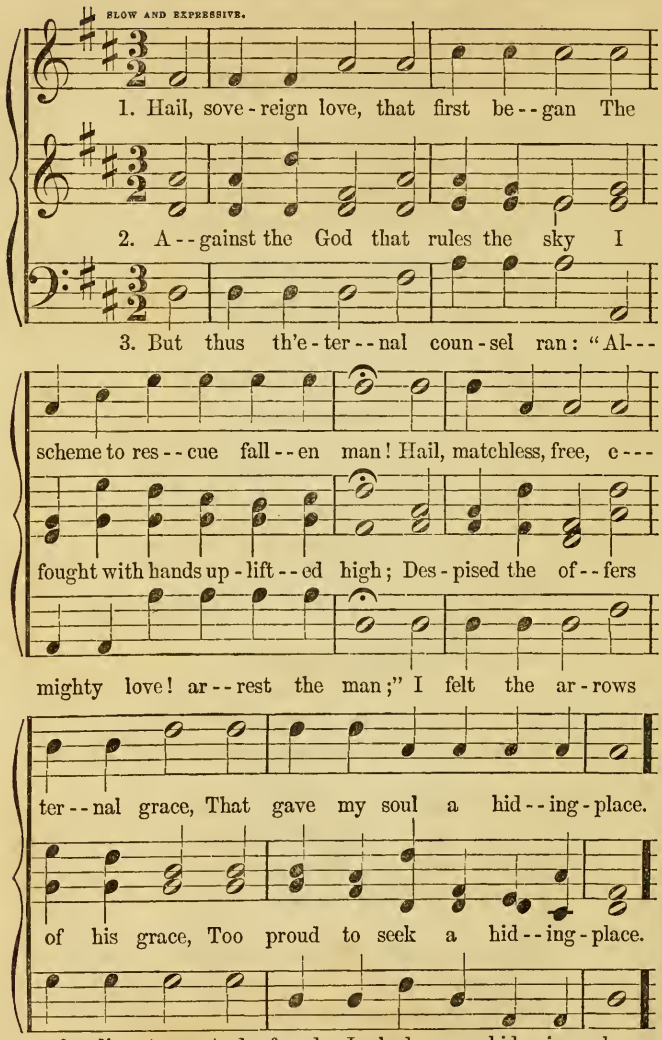
3. No, I must my praises bring,
Though they worthless are and weak;
For should I refuse to sing,
Sure the very stones would speak.

4. O my Saviour, Shield, and Sun,
Shepherd, Brother, Husband, Friend,
Every precious name in one,
I will love thee without end.

NEWTON.

## FRIBURG. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.



4. But lo, a heavenly voice I heard,
And mercy's angel soon appeared;
Who led me on, a pleasing pace,
To Jesus Christ, my hiding-place.

5. On him almighty vengeance fell,
Which must have sunk a world to hell;
He bore it for his chosen race,
And now he is my hiding-place. BREWER.

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52. **Not ashamed of Jesus.** L. M.

1. Jesus, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee!
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days.

2. Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star:
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3. Ashamed of Jesus!—that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend?
No, when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

4. Ashamed of Jesus!—yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe; no good to crave;
No fear to quell; no soul to save.

5. Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
And Oh, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me. GREGG.

## MIZPEH. 7s, SINGLE. GERMAN.

1. Sweet the mo-ments, rich in bless-ing, Which be---

fore the cross I spend; Life, and health, and peace pos--

sess--ing, From the sin---ner's dy----ing Friend.

2. Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe:
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

3. Truly blesséd is the station,
Low before his cross to lie,
While I see divine compassion
Beaming in his gracious eye.

4. Here I'll sit, for ever viewing
Mercy streaming in his blood,
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead, and claim my peace with God.

ROBINSON.

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54. Christ the best Friend. 8s & 7s.

1. One there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end!

2. Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could, or would, have shed his blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in him to God.

3. When he lived on earth abaséd,
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now, above all glory raiséd,
He rejoices in the same.

4. O for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas, forget too often
What a Friend we have above.

NEWTON.

## BARTIMEUS. 8s & 7s.

SLOW.

1. "Mer - - cy, O thou Son of Da - vid!"

2. Ma - - - - ny for his cry - - ing chid him,

Thus blind Bar - ti - me - - us prayed; "Oth - - ers by thy

But he called the loud - er still; Till the gra - cious

word are sav - ed, "Now to me af - - - ford thine aid."

Sav - iour bid him, "Come, and ask me what you will."

3. Money was not what he wanted,
Though by begging used to live;
But he asked, and Jesus granted
Alms which none but he could give:

4. "Lord, remove this grievous blindness,
Let my eyes behold the day;"
Straight he saw, and, won by kindness,
Followed Jesus in the way.

5. Oh, methinks I hear him praising,
Publishing to all around,
"Friends, is not my case amazing?
What a Saviour I have found!

6. "Oh, that all the blind but knew him,
And would be advised by me!
Surely they would hasten to him,
He would cause them all to see."

NEWTON.

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56. **Praise to the Redeemer.** 8s & 7s.

1. Hail, thou once despiséd Jesus!
Thou didst free salvation bring;
By thy death thou didst release us
From the tyrant's deadly sting.

2. Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on thee are laid:
Great High-priest, by God anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.

3. Contrite sinners are forgiven,
Through the virtue of thy blood:
Opened is the gate of heaven,
Peace is made for man with God.

RIPPON'S COLL.

## OLIVET. 6s & 4s.

L. MASON.

1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Cal -va - ry,
Sav - iour di - - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
My zeal in - spire: As thou hast died for me, O may my
guilt a - - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly thine.

2. May thy rich grace impart, Strength to my fainting heart;
love to thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv - - ing fire.

3. While life's dark maze I tread
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide:
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4. When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then in love
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

RAY PALMER.

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58. **Jesus is King.** 6s & 4s.

1. Let us awake our joys,
Strike up with cheerful voice,
Each creature sing.
Angels, begin the song,
Mortals, the strain prolong,
In accents sweet and strong,
"Jesus is King."

2. He vanquished sin and hell,
And our last foe will quell;
Mourners, rejoice!
His dying love adore—
Praise him, now raised in power,
Praise him for evermore,
With joyful voice.

KINGSBURY.

## SCOTLAND. 12s. DR. CLARK.

1. The voice of free grace cries, Es - cape to the

2. Ye souls that are wounded, to the Sav - iour re- - -

mountain; For all that be - - lieve, Christ has o - pened a

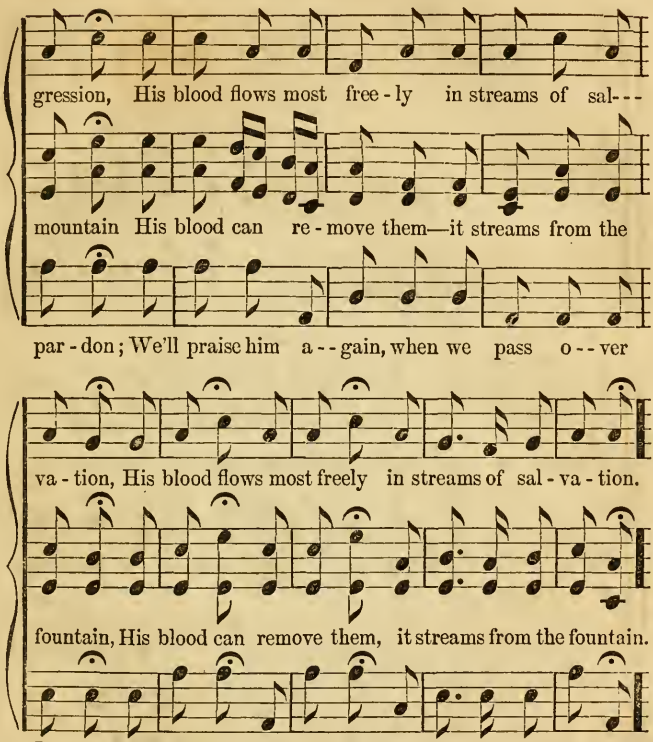
pair: Now he calls you in mercy, and can you for- -

fountain; For sin and pol - - lu - tion and eve - - ry trans- -

bear? Tho' your sins are in - - - creased as high as a

CHORUS. Halle - lu - - jah to the Lamb, who has purchased our

## SCOTLAND—CONTINUED.




3. Now Jesus, our King, reigns triumphantly glorious;
O'er sin, death, and hell he is more than victorious.
With shouting proclaim it, Oh trust in his passion:
He saves us most freely—Oh, precious salvation!

4. With joy shall we stand, when escaped to the shore;
With harp in our hand we 'll praise him the more;
We 'll range the sweet plains on the banks of the river,
And sing of salvation for ever and ever. THORNBY.

## SIDMOUTH. 7s, 6 LINES. DR. MALAN.

SLOW.

1. Weary sin - ner, keep thine eyes On th' a - toning

Sacrifice; View him bleeding on the tree, Pouring out his life for thee:

There the dreadful curse he bore; Weeping soul, lament no more.

1. Cast thy guilty soul on him;
Find him mighty to redeem;
At his feet thy burden lay;
Look thy doubts and care away;
Now by faith the Son embrace,
Plead his promise, trust his grace. ANON.

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61. Sinners urged to accept the Invitation. 7S, 6 LINES.

1. Ye who in his courts are found,
Listening to the joyful sound,
Lost and helpless as ye are,
Sons of sorrow, sin, and care,
Glorify the King of kings;
Take the peace the gospel brings.

2. Turn to Christ your longing eyes;
View this bleeding sacrifice;
See in him your sins forgiven,
Pardon, holiness, and heaven;
Glorify the King of kings;
Take the peace the gospel brings.

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62. Hearts of Stone. 7S, 6 LINES.

1. Hearts of stone, relent, relent,
Break, by Jesus' cross subdued;
See his body, mangled—rent,
Covered with a gore of blood:
Sinful soul, what hast thou done?
Murdered God's eternal Son!

2. Will you let him die in vain?
Still to death pursue your Lord?
Open tear his wounds again,
Trample on his precious blood?
"No! with all my sins I'll part—
Saviour, take my broken heart." HAR. SAC.

## FOUNTAIN. C. M.

L. MASON.

2d TREBLE.

1st TREBLE.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn
2. The dy - ing thief re - joiced to see That

from Immanuel's veins; And sinners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose
fountain in his day; And there may I, as vile as he, Wash

all their guil - - ty stains, Lose all their guil - - ty stains.
all my sins a - - way, Wash all my sins a - - way.

3. Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5. Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save;
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave. COWPER.

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64. **Redemption.** C. M.

1. Plunged in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay;
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day!

2. With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and—O amazing love!—
He ran to our relief.

3. Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste he fled;
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4. Oh, for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak. WATTS.

## ROMBERG. C. M.

HASTINGS.

WITH DEEPEST EMOTION.

1. A---las! and did my Sav---iour bleed? And did my Sove--reign die? Would he de--- done, He groaned up----on the tree? A--maz--ing vote that sa--cred head, For such a worm as I?

2. Was it for crimes that I had

RETARD.

RETARD.

pity! grace unknown! And love be--yond de-gree!

3. Well might the sun in darkness hide,
   And shut his glories in,
   When Christ, the mighty Saviour, died
   For man, the rebel's, sin.

4. Thus might I hide my blushing face
   While his dear cross appears;
   Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
   And melt my eyes in tears.

5. But drops of grief can ne'er repay
   The debt of love I owe:
   Here, Lord, I give myself away—
   'T is all that I can do.

WATTS.

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66. **Looking to the Cross.** C. M.

1. I saw One hanging on a tree,
   In agonies and blood,
   Who fixed his languid eyes on me
   As near the cross I stood.

2. Sure, never till my latest breath
   Can I forget that look;
   It seemed to charge me with his death,
   Though not a word he spoke.

3. My conscience felt and owned the guilt,
   And plunged me in despair;
   I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
   And helped to nail him there.

4. A second look he gave, which said,
   "I freely all forgive:
   This blood is for thy ransom paid;
   I die that thou mayest live."

NEWTON.

## CHESTER. C. M.

HASTINGS.

SLOW, AFFET.

1. How sweet the name of Je - - sus sounds In a be- - - - -

2. It makes the wounded spir - it whole, And calms the

liev - er's ear! It soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds, And

troubled breast; 'Tis man - na to the hun - - gry soul, And

drives a - - way his fear, And drives a - - - way his fear.

to the wea - - ry, rest, And to the wea - - ry, rest.

3. By him my prayers acceptance gain,
Although by sin defiled;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am owned a child.

4. Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

5. Till then, I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death. NEWTON.

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68. **Love to Christ.** C. M.

1. Jesus, I love thy charming name;
'T is music to mine ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That earth and heaven should hear.

2. Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels, to thee, are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3. Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

4. I'll speak the honors of thy name
With my last laboring breath;
Then speechless clasp thee in mine arms,
The antidote of death. DODDRIDGE.

## HASLET. L. M.

NEHERLICH.

CHEERFULLY.

1. A - wake, my soul, to joy - - - ful lays, And

2. He saw me ru - - ined in the fall, Yet

sing the great Re - deemer's praise; He just - - ly claims a

loved me not - withstand - ing all; He saved me from my

song from me: His lov - - ing- kind - ness, Oh, how free!

lost es - - tate: His lov - - ing- kind - ness, Oh, how great!

3. When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood:
His loving-kindness, Oh, how good!

4. Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
Oh, may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death. MEDLEY.

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70. All Good in Christ. L. M.

1. Thou only Sovereign of my heart,
My Refuge, my almighty Friend!
And can my soul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend?

2. Whither, ah, whither shall I go,
A wretched wanderer from my Lord?
Can this dark world of sin and woe
One glimpse of happiness afford?

3. Let earth's alluring joys combine;
While thou art near, in vain they call:
One smile, one blissful smile of thine,
My dearest Lord, outweighs them all.

4. Thy name my inmost powers adore;
Thou art my life, my joy, my care:
Depart from thee! 't is death—'t is more—
'T is endless ruin, deep despair!

5. Low at thy feet my soul would lie;
Here safety dwells and peace divine:
Still let me live beneath thine eye,
For life, eternal life is thine. STEELE.

## LEIPZIG. L. M.

Subject from GLUCK.

EXPRESSIVE.

1. When marshalled on the night - - - - ly plain,
The glitt'ring host be - - - stud the sky, One star a - - lone, of
all the train, Can fix the sin - ner's wandering eye.

2. Hark, hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

3. Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud—the night was dark—
The ocean yawned—and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.

4. Deep horror then my vitals froze—
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose—
It was the Star of Bethlehem!

5. It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

6. Now, safely moored—my perils o'er—
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever, and for evermore,
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem!

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

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## 72. Christ our Righteousness. L. M.

1. Jesus, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress:
'Mid flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2. Bold shall I stand in that great day:
For who aught to my charge shall lay,
While through thy blood absolved I am
From sin's tremendous curse and shame?

J. WESLEY.

## STEELE. L. M.

1. Sal - - va - - tion is for ev - - - er nigh The
souls who fear and trust the Lord; And grace, de - - scend - ing
from on high, Fresh hopes of glo - - - ry shall af - - ford.

2. Mercy and truth on earth are met,
Since Christ the Lord came down from heaven;
By his obedience so complete,
Justice is pleased, and peace is given.

3. Now truth and honor shall abound,
Religion dwell on earth again,
And heavenly influence bless the ground,
In our Redeemer's gentle reign.

4. His righteousness is gone before,
To give us free access to God;
Our wandering feet shall stray no more,
But mark his steps and keep the road.

WATTS.

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## 74. Christ the Believer's Life. L. M.

1. When sins and fears prevailing rise,
And fainting hope almost expires,
Jesus, to thee I lift mine eyes,
To thee I breathe my soul's desires.

2. If my immortal Saviour lives,
Then my eternal life is sure;
His word a firm foundation gives,
Here I can build and rest secure.

3. Here would my faith unshaken dwell,
For ever firm the promise stands;
Not all the powers of earth and hell
Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.

4. Here, O my soul, thy trust repose;
If Jesus is for ever thine,
Not death itself, that last of foes,
Shall break a union so divine.

STEELE.

## HARBOROUGH. C. M. SHRUBSOLE.

1. All hail the power of Je - - - sus' name! Let
2. Crown him, ye mar - tyrs of our God, Who
an - gels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal di - - a - dem, And
from his al - tar call; Ex - tol the stem of Jes - se's rod, And
crown him, crown him, crown him Lord of all.
crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him Lord of all.

3. Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David Lord did call:
The God incarnate, man divine;
And crown him—Lord of all.

4. Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him—Lord of all.

5. Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him—Lord of all.

6. Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him—Lord of all.

DUNCAN.

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## 76. The Prince of Peace. C. M.

1. Let saints on earth their anthems raise,
Who taste the Saviour's grace:
Let heathen, too, proclaim his praise,
And crown him—Prince of peace.

2. Praise Him who laid his glory by
For man's apostate race;
Praise Him who stooped to bleed and die,
And crown him—Prince of peace.

3. We soon shall reach the heavenly shore
To view his lovely face,
His name for ever to adore,
And crown him—Prince of peace.

## ZEBULON. H. M.

L. MASON.

RATHER SLOW

1. Come, eve----ry pi----ous heart That
Your no---blest powers ex----ert To

2. He left his star---ry crown, And
On wings of love came down, And

loves the Sav-iour's name, } Tell all a--bove, and
cel---e- brate his fame: }

laid his robes a---side; } What he en--dured, oh,
wept, and bled, and died: }

all be--low, The debt of love to him you owe.

who can tell? To save our souls from death and hell.

3. Jesus, we ne'er can pay
The debt we owe thy love;
Yet tell us how we may
Our gratitude approve;
Our hearts—our all to thee we give:
The gift, though small, do thou receive.

STENNETT.

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78. **Characters of Christ.** H. M.

1. Join all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore:
All are too mean to speak his worth—
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.

2. *Jesus*, my great *High-priest*,
Offered his blood and died;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside:
His powerful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

3. My *Advocate* appears
For my defence on high;
The Father bows his ears,
And lays his thunder by.
Not all that hell or sin can say,
Shall turn his heart, his love away.

4. My dear almighty *Lord*,
My *Conqueror*, and my *King*,
Thy sceptre and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace I sing.
Thine is the power; behold, I sit,
In willing bonds, beneath thy feet.

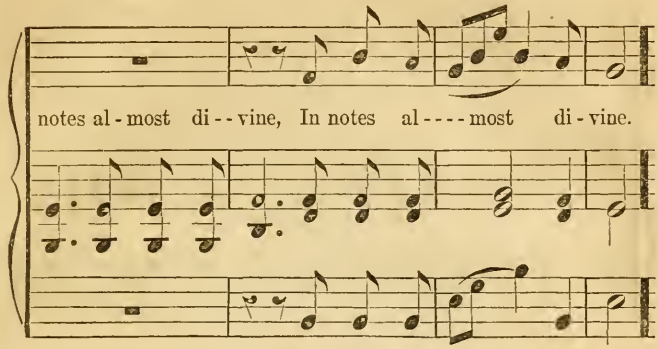
WATTS.

## ARIEL. L, C, M.

L. MASON.

1. O could I speak the match - less worth, O
could I sound the glories forth I'd soar and touch the
Which in my Saviour shine;
heavenly strings, And vie with Ga - briel while he sings, In

ARIEL—CONTINUED.




2. I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine:
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3. I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would, to everlasting days,
Make all his glories known.

4. Soon the delightful morn will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face:
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

## DUNDEE. C.M. OLD PAROCHIAL.

1. Come, Ho--ly Spir--it, heavenly Dove, With all thy quickening powers; Kin-dle a flame of sa---cred love In these cold hearts of ours.

# Influences of the Spirit.

2. Look, how we grovel here below,
   Fond of these trifling toys:
   Our souls can neither fly nor go
   To reach eternal joys.

3. In vain we tune our formal songs,
   In vain we strive to rise;
   Hosannas languish on our tongues,
   And our devotion dies.

4. Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
   At this poor dying rate?
   Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
   And thine to us so great?

5. Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
   With all thy quickening powers:
   Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
   And that shall kindle ours. WATTS.

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81. **Witnessing and Sealing Spirit.** C. M.

1. Why should the children of a King
   Go mourning all their days?
   Great Comforter, descend, and bring
   Some tokens of thy grace.

2. Assure my conscience of her part
   In the Redeemer's blood;
   And bear thy witness with my heart,
   That I am born of God.

3. Thou art the earnest of his love—
   The pledge of joys to come;
   And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
   Will safe convey me home. WATTS.

## HAVERHILL. S. M.

L. MASON.

1. Come, Ho - - - - ly Spir - - - - it, come; Let
2. Con - - vince us of our sin; Then

thy bright beams a - - - rise; Dis - - - pel the sor - - row

lead to Je - - - sus' blood; And to our wondering

from our minds, The dark - - ness from our eyes.

view re - - - veal The se - - - - cret love of God.

3. Revive our drooping faith;
   Our doubts and fears remove;
   And kindle in our breasts the flame
   Of never-dying love.

4. 'T is thine to cleanse the heart,
   To sanctify the soul,
   To pour fresh life in every part,
   And new-create the whole.

5. Dwell, Spirit, in our hearts;
   Our minds from bondage free;
   Then shall we know, and praise, and love
   The Father, Son, and Thee.

HART.

---

83. **Pleading for the Spirit.** S. M.

1. Come, Holy Spirit, come,
   With energy divine,
   And on this poor benighted soul
   With beams of mercy shine.

2. From the celestial hills
   Life, light, and joy dispense,
   And may I daily, hourly feel
   Thy quickening influence.

3. Melt, melt this frozen heart,
   This stubborn will subdue;
   Each evil passion overcome,
   And form me all anew.

4. Mine will the blessing be,
   But thine shall be the praise;
   And unto thee will I devote
   The remnant of my days.

RIPPON'S COLL.

## ZEPHYR. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

GENTLY.

1. Come, gracious Spir - - it heavenly Dove, With light and

2. Con - duct us safe, con - duct us far From eve - - ry

com - - fort from a - - - bove, Be thou our guard - ian,

sin and hurt - - - ful snare: Lead to thy word, that

thou our guide, O'er eve - - ry thought and step pre - - - side.

rules must give, And teach us les - - sons how to live.

3. The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

4. Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from his pastures stray.

5. Lead us to God, our final rest,
In his enjoyment to be blessed;
Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

B——.

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85. **Presence of the Comforter.** L. M.

1. Sure the blest Comforter is nigh;
'T is he sustains my fainting heart;
Else would my hope for ever die,
And every cheering ray depart.

2. Whene'er to call the Saviour mine
With ardent wish my heart aspires,
Can it be less than power divine
Which animates these strong desires?

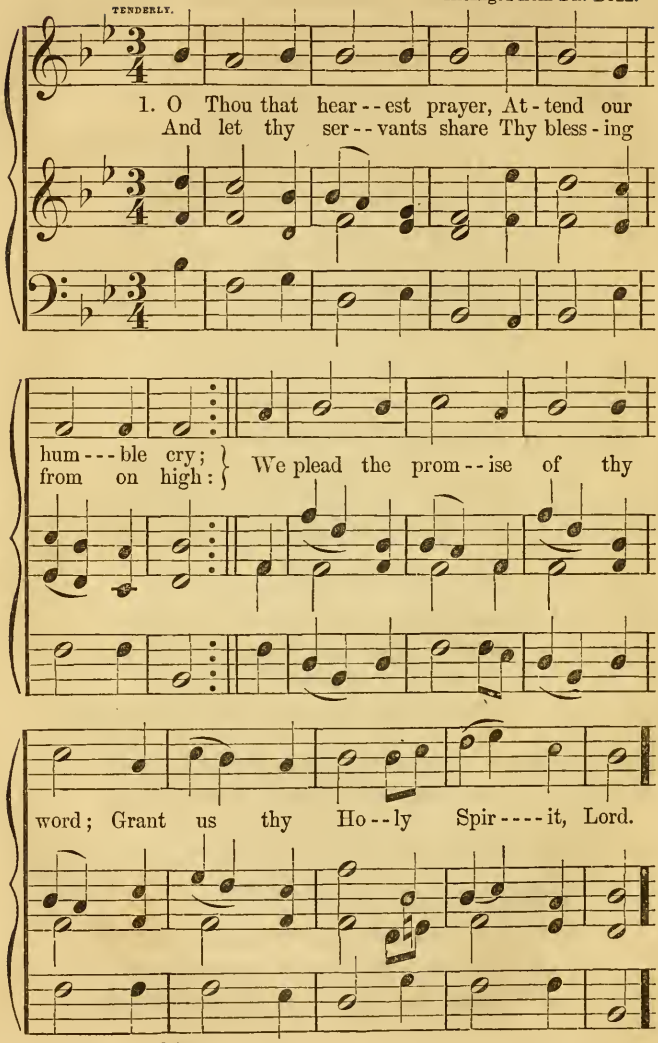
3. And when my cheerful hope can say
I love my God and taste his grace,
Lord, is it not thy blissful ray
Which brings this dawn of sacred peace?

4. Let thy good Spirit in my heart
For ever dwell, O God of love;
And light and heavenly peace impart,
Sweet earnest of the joys above.

STEELE.

## INVOCATION. H. M.

Arranged from Dr. Bull.



2. If earthly parents hear
Their children when they cry;
If they, with love sincere,
Their varied wants supply;
Much more wilt thou thy love display,
And answer when thy children pray.

3. Our heavenly Father, thou;
We, children of thy grace:
O let thy Spirit now
Descend and fill the place:
So shall we feel the heavenly flame,
And all unite to praise thy name.

4. O may that sacred fire,
Descending from above,
Our languid hearts inspire
With fervent zeal and love;
Enlighten our beclouded eyes,
And teach our grov'ling souls to rise.

PRATT'S COLL.

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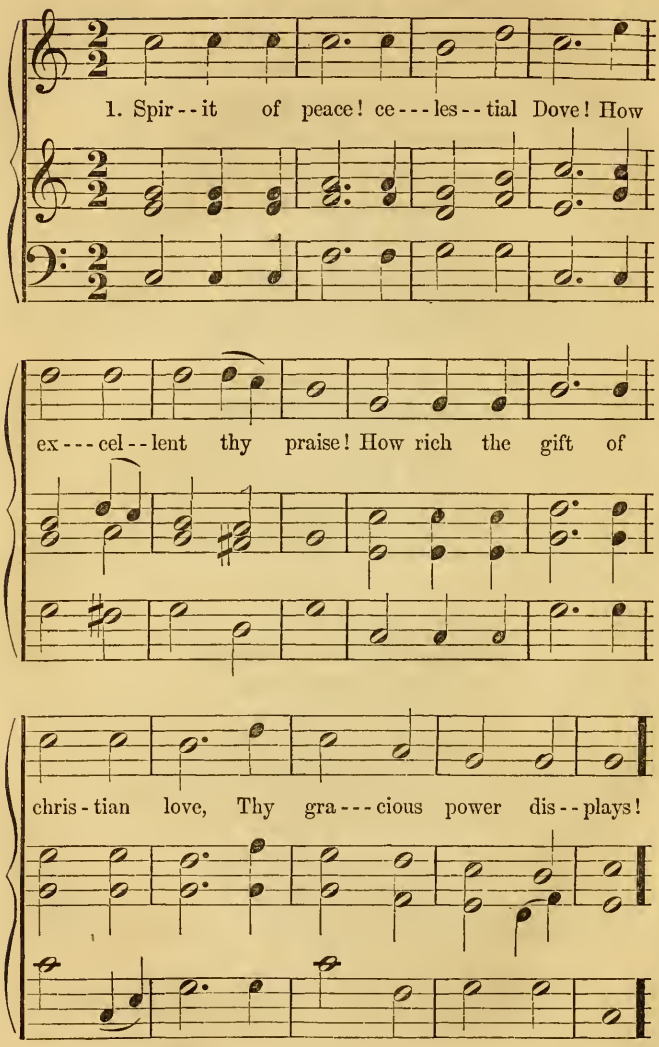
87. **Prayer for the Spirit.** H. M.

1. Sovereign of worlds above,
And Lord of all below,
Thy faithfulness and love,
Thy power and mercy show:
Fulfil thy word; thy Spirit give;
Let heathens live, and praise the Lord.

2. Few be the years that roll,
Ere all shall worship thee;
The travail of his soul
Soon let the Saviour see:
O God of grace, thy power employ,
Fill earth with joy, and heaven with praise.

PRATT'S COLL.

## SALISBURY. C. M. MANHATTAN COLL.



2. Sweet as the dew on hill and flower
That silently distils,
At evening's soft and balmy hour,
On Zion's fruitful hills.

3. So, with mild influence from above,
Shall promised grace descend,
Till universal peace and love
O'er all the earth extend.

SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS.

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89. God's Spirit will not always Strive. C. M.

1. Quench not the Spirit of the Lord,
The Holy One from heaven;
The Comforter, beloved, adored;
To man in mercy given.

2. Quench not the Spirit of the Lord;
"He will not always strive:"
O tremble at that awful word;
Sinner, awake and live.

3. Quench not the Spirit of the Lord,
It is thy only hope;
O let his aid be now implored,
Let prayer be lifted up.

4. Grieve not the Spirit of the Lord,
Heirs of redeeming grace;
With grateful hearts His love record
Whose presence fills the place.

CH. PSALMIST.

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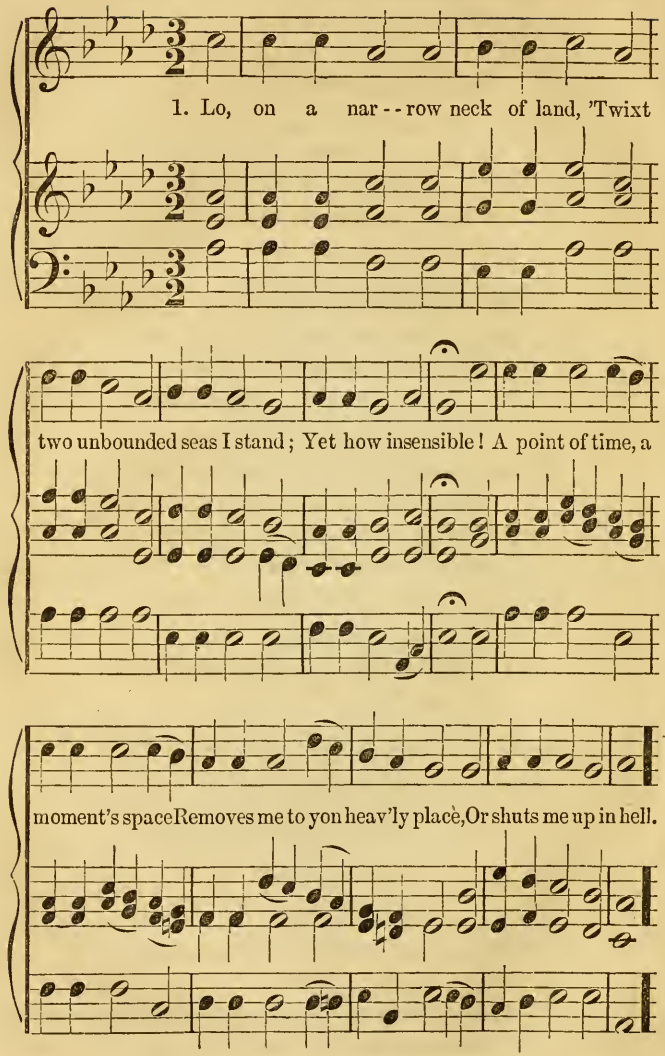
Doxology.

Let God the Father and the Son
And Spirit be adored,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

## ASYLUM. L. C. M.

HASTINGS.



# Invitation and Warning.

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2. Oh God, my inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtless heart
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And save me ere it be too late:
Wake me to righteousness.

3. Before me place, in bright array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom?

4. Be this my one great business here,
With holy trembling, holy fear,
To make my calling sure;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

5. Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live
And reign with thee above;
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full, supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

WESLEY.

## FULTON. 7s. W. B. BRADBURY.

WITH EMOTION.

1. Haste, O sin - - - ner, to be wise,
2. Haste, and mer - - - cy now im - - - plore,
3. Haste, while yet thou canst be blest,

Stay not for the mor - row's sun; Wisdom warns thee
Stay not for the mor - row's sun; Thy pro - ba - tion
Stay not for the mor - row's sun; Death may e'en thy

from the skies, All the paths of death to shun.
may be o'er Ere this even - ing's work is done.
soul ar - - rest, Ere the mor - - row is be - - gun.

92. Burdened Sinners Invited. 7s.

1. Come, ye weary souls, oppressed,
Find in Christ the promised rest;
On him all your burdens roll,
He can wound, and he make whole.

2. Ye who dread the wrath of God,
Come and wash in Jesus' blood;
To the Son of David cry,
In his word he 's passing by.

3. Naked, guilty, poor, and blind,
All your wants in Jesus find;
This the day of mercy is,
Now accept the proffered bliss. DE COURCY.

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93. Sinner, Prepare to meet God. 7s.

1. Sinner, art thou still secure?
Wilt thou still refuse to pray?
Can thy heart or hand endure
In the Lord's avenging day?

2. See, his mighty arm is bared,
Awful terrors clothe his brow!
For his judgment stand prepared—
Thou must either break or bow.

3. At his presence nature shakes.
Earth, affrighted, hastes to flee;
Solid mountains melt like wax;
What will then become of thee?

4. Let us now our day improve,
Listen to the gospel voice;
Seek the things that are above;
Scorn the world's pretended joys.

NEWTON.

## GOSHEN. 11s. GERMAN.

1. De - - - lay not, de - - lay not, O sin - - ner, draw

2. De - - - lay not, de - - lay not—why lon - ger a - - -

near, The wa - ters of life are now flow - - ing for thee; No

- - buse The love and com - passion of Je - - sus thy God; A

price is de - - mand - ed, the Sav - - iour is here, Re - - -

foun - - tain is o - - pened, how can'st thou re - - fuse To

demp - tion is pur - chased, sal - - va - - - - tion is free.

wash and be cleansed in his par - - - - don - - ing blood.

3. Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,
For mercy still lingers, and calls thee to-day:
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.

4. Delay not, delay not; the Spirit of grace,
Long grieved and resisted, may take its sad flight
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
And sink in the vale of eternity's night.

5. Delay not, delay not; the hour is at hand—
The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens shall fade;
The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall stand;
What power then, O sinner, shall lend thee its aid?

S. SONGS.

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95. The Harvest Past. 11s.

1. Lo, Jesus the Saviour, in mercy draws near,
Salvation he brings unto all who believe;
Ye mourners, dismiss all your doubting and fear,
The gracious redemption with gladness receive.

2. The day-star of promise illumines the sky,
And souls long benighted now welcome the dawn;
Improve the glad season, or soon you may cry,
"The harvest is past, and the summer is gone!"

3. The Spirit is striving with sinners to-day,
He graciously knocks at the door of your heart,
He comes, the compassion of God to display,
Your sins to remove and his love to impart.

4. Oh, welcome the Spirit and grieve him no more,
Nor wait till his offers of life are withdrawn,
Lest then you may cry, as your doom you deplore,
"The harvest is past, and the summer is gone!"

E. F. H.

## QUITO. L. M. ENGLISH MELODY.

1. Deep are the wounds which sin has made, Where shall the sin - - - ner find a cure? In vain, a - - las, is na - - ture's aid—The work ex - ceeds all nature's power, The work ex - - ceeds all nature's power.

2. And can no sove - - reign balm be found? And is no kind phy - si - - - cian nigh, To ease the pain and heal the wound, Ere life and hope for ev - - er fly? Ere life and hope for ev - - - er fly?

3. There is a great Physician near,
   Look up, O fainting soul, and live;
   See in his heavenly smiles appear
   Such ease as nature cannot give.

4. See, in the Saviour's dying blood,
   Life, health, and bliss abundant flow;
   'T is only this dear sacred flood
   Can ease thy pain and heal thy woe.

STEELE.

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97. "Behold, I stand at the Door." L. M.

1. Behold a stranger at the door:
   He gently knocks, has knocked before;
   Has waited long—is waiting still:
   You treat no other friend so ill.

2. Oh, lovely attitude—he stands
   With melting heart and loaded hands!
   Oh, matchless kindness—and he shows
   This matchless kindness to his foes.

3. But will he prove a friend indeed?
   He will; the very friend you need:
   The Friend of sinners—yes, 't is He,
   With garments dyed on Calvary.

4. Rise, touched with gratitude divine;
   Turn out his enemy and thine,
   That soul-destroying monster, sin,
   And let the heavenly stranger in.

5. Admit him, ere his anger burn—
   His feet, departed, ne'er return:
   Admit him, or the hour 's at hand
   You 'll at his door rejected stand.

## DENNIS. S. M.

NAGELI.

GENTLY.

1. Now is th' ac--cept---ed time; Now is the day of grace; Now, sin---ners, come, with--gos--pel bids you come, And eve---ry promise out de----lay, And seek the Sav--iour's face.

2. Now is th' ac--cept---ed time; The in his word De-clares there yet is room.

3. Lord, draw reluctant souls,
And feast them with thy love;
Then will the angels swiftly fly
To bear the news above.

DOBELL.

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99. **Come To-day.** S. M.

1. Ye sinners, fear the Lord,
While yet 't is called to-day;
Soon will the awful voice of death
Command your souls away.

2. Soon will the harvest close,
The summer soon be o'er;
O sinners, then your injured God
Will heed your cries no more.

3. Then, while 't is called to-day,
O, hear the gospel's sound;
Come, sinner, haste, O, haste away,
While pardon may be found.

DWIGHT.

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100. **Watch and Pray.** S. M.

1. Thou Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe
With holy joy, or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear;

2. Our cautioned souls prepare
For that tremendous day;
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray.

3. O may we all insure
A lot among the blest;
And watch a moment to secure
An everlasting rest.

C. WESLEY.

## WINDHAM. L. M.

READ.

1. Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk to-geth--er there; But wis-dom shows a nar-row path, With here and there a trav---el---ler.

2. "Deny thyself, and take thy cross,"
Is the Redeemer's great command;
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heavenly land.

3. The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteemed almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.

4. Lord, let not all my hopes be vain;
Create my heart entirely new—
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false apostates never knew.

WATTS.

---

## 102. The Dreadful End. L. M.

1. Lord, what a thoughtless wretch was I,
To mourn, and murmur, and repine
To see the wicked, placed on high,
In pride and robes of honor shine!

2. But O, their end, their dreadful end!
Thy sanctuary taught me so:
On slippery rocks I see them stand,
And fiery billows roll below.

3. Their fancied joys, how fast they flee,
Just like a dream when man awakes;
Their songs of softest harmony
Are but a prelude to their plagues.

4. Now I esteem their mirth and wine
Too dear to purchase with my blood;
Lord, 't is enough that thou art mine,
My life, my portion, and my God.

WATTS.

## UXBRIDGE. L. M.

1. Say, sin - - ner, hath a voice with - - in Oft

2. Sin - - - ner, it was a heaven - ly voice, It

whispered to thy se - - cret soul; Urged thee to leave the

was the Spirit's gra - - cious call; It bade thee make the

ways of sin, And yield thy heart to God's con - trol?

bet - - ter choice, And haste to seek in Christ thine all.

3. Spurn not the call to life and light;
Regard in time the warning kind:
That call thou mayest not always slight,
And yet the gate of mercy find.

4. God's Spirit will not always strive
With hardened, self-destroying man;
Ye, who persist his love to grieve,
May never hear his voice again.

5. Sinner, perhaps this very day
Thy last accepted time may be;
Oh, shouldst thou grieve him now away,
Then hope may never beam on thee.

HYDE.

---

104. Return. L. M.

1. Return, O wanderer, now return,
And seek an injured Father's face;
Those warm desires that in thee burn
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

2. Return, O wanderer, now return,
And seek a Father's melting heart;
His pitying eyes thy grief discern,
His hand shall heal thy inward smart.

3. Return, O wanderer, now return,
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live;
Go to his bleeding feet, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

4. Return, O wanderer, now return,
And wipe away the falling tear;
'T is God who says, "No longer mourn,"
'T is mercy's voice invites thee near.

COLLYER.

## WIRTH. C. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. Sin--ners, the voice of God re--gard! His
2. Like the rough sea that can-not rest, You

mer-cy speaks to---day; He calls you, by his sovereign
live de-void of peace; A thousand stings within your

word, From sin's de---struc---tive way.
breast, De----prive your souls of ease.

3. Your way is dark, and leads to hell;
   Why will you persevere?
   Can you in endless torments dwell,
   Shut up in black despair?

4. Why will you in the crooked ways
   Of sin and folly go?
   In pain you travail all your days,
   To reap immortal woe.

5. But he who turns to God shall live,
   Through his abounding grace:
   His mercy will the guilt forgive
   Of those who seek his face.

FAWCETT.

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106. "Yet there is Room." C. M.

1. Ye wretched, hungry, starving poor,
   Behold a royal feast—
   Where mercy spreads her bounteous store
   For every humble guest.

2. See, Jesus stands with open arms;
   He calls, he bids you come:
   Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms;
   But see, there yet is room—

3. Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart:
   There love and pity meet;
   Nor will he bid the soul depart
   That trembles at his feet.

4. In him the Father, reconciled,
   Invites your souls to come;
   The rebel shall be called a child,
   And kindly welcomed home.

STEELE.

## MYTILENE. 8s, 7s, & 4s. MALAN.

1. Come, ye wea--ry, heav-y lad---en, Lost and
If you tar--ry till you're bet---ter, You will

2. Let not conscience make you lin--ger, Nor of
All the fit--ness he re--quir--eth, Is to

ru--ined by the fall; } Not the right--eous—
nev--er come at all; }

fit---ness fond---ly dream; } This he gives you—
feel your need of him; }

Not the right-eous; Sin--ners Je--sus came to call.

This he gives you; 'Tis the Spir-it's ris---ing beam.

3. Lo, the incarnate God ascended,
Pleads the merit of his blood;
Venture on him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

HART.

---

108. Sinners Entreated to Hear. 8s, 7s, & 4s.

1. Sinners, will you scorn the message
Sent in mercy from above?
Every sentence, O how tender,
Every line is full of love:
Listen to it—
Every line is full of love.

2. Hear the heralds of the gospel
News from Zion's King proclaim,
To each rebel sinner, "Pardon,"
"Free forgiveness in his name:"
How important!
Free forgiveness in his name.

3. Who hath our report believéd?
Who received the joyful word?
Who embraced the news of pardon
Offered to you by the Lord?
Can you slight it—
Offered to you by the Lord?

4. O, ye angels, hovering round us,
Waiting spirits, speed your way;
Hasten to the court of heaven,
Tidings bear without delay:
Rebel sinners
Glad the message will obey.

ALLEN.

## BENEVENTO. 7s, DOUBLE.

1. Sinners, turn, why will ye die? God your Saviour asks you why;

2. Sinners, turn, why will ye die? God the Spirit asks you why;

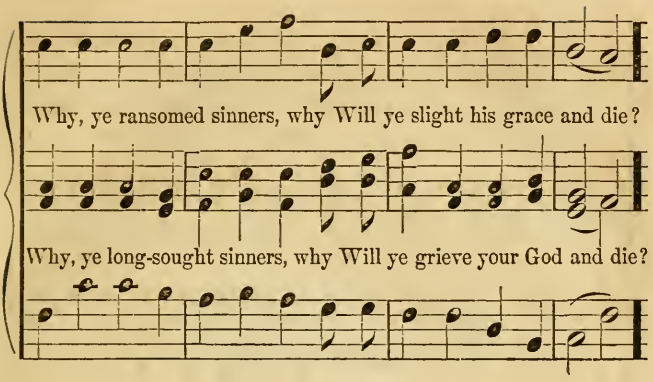
He who did your souls retrieve, Died himself that ye might live;

He who all your lives hath strove, Wooed you to embrace his love;

Will ye let him die in vain? Cru - ci - fy your Lord a - gain?

Will ye not his grace re - ceive? Will ye still re - fuse to live?

BENEVENTO—CONTINUED.

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## 110. The Flight of Time. 7s.

1. While with ceaseless course the sun
   Hasted through the former year,
   Many souls their race have run,
   Never more to meet us here:
   Fixed in an eternal state,
   They have done with all below:
   We a little longer wait,
   But how little, none can know.

2. As the wingéd arrow flies
   Speedily the mark to find;
   As the lightning from the skies
   Darts, and leaves no trace behind;
   Swiftly thus our fleeting days
   Bear us down life's rapid stream:
   Upward, Lord, our spirit raise;
   All below is but a dream.

NEWTON.

## "COME, YE DISCONSOLATE." WEBBE.

SOLO.

1. Come, ye dis - - conso - late, wher - - e'er ye

lan - - - guish, Come, at the mercy - seat fer - vent - - ly

kneel: Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your

an - guish; Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

## "COME, YE DISCONSOLATE"—CONTINUED.

CHORUS.

Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your an - - guish;

Earth has no sor - - row that heaven can - - not heal.

2. Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
   Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
   Here speaks the Comforter, in mercy saying,
   Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.

3. Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing
   Forth from the throne of God, boundless in love:
   Come to the feast prepared; come, ever knowing
   Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

## GERMAN AIR. L. M.

TENDERLY.

1. Come, wea - - - ry souls, with sin dis - - tressed,
2. Op - - pressed with guilt, a pain - - ful load,

Come, and ac - cept the prom - ised rest: The Saviour's gracious
O come and spread your woes abroad; Di - vine compas - sion,

call o - - bey, And cast your gloomy fears a - - - way.
migh - - ty love, Will all the painful load re - - move.

3. Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes;
Pardon, and life, and endless peace;
How rich the gift, how free the grace!

4. Lord, we accept, with thankful heart,
The hope thy gracious words impart:
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
And bless the kind inviting voice.

5. Dear Saviour, let thy powerful love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove;
Oh sweetly influence every breast,
And guide us to eternal rest.

STEELE.

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## 113. Christ's Invitation. L. M.

1. "Come hither, all ye weary souls,
Ye heavy-laden sinners, come:
I'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to my heavenly home.

2. "They shall find rest that learn of me:
I'm of a meek and lowly mind:
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.

3. "Blest is the man whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight;
My yoke is easy to his neck,
My grace shall make the burden light."

4. Jesus, we come at thy command,
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal;
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

WATTS.

## "GO WATCH AND PRAY. SACRED LYRE.

1. Go watch and pray: thou canst not tell How
Thou canst not know how soon the bell May

near thine hour may be; } Death's countless snares be - - set thy
toll its notes for thee: }

way; Frail child of dust, go watch and pray.

2. Fond youth, while free from blighting care,
   Does thy firm pulse beat high?
   Do hope's glad visions, bright and fair,
   Sparkle before thine eye?
   Soon these must change, must pass away;
   Frail child of dust, go watch and pray.

3. Ambition, stop thy panting breath;
   Pride, sink thy lifted eye:
   Behold, the caverns dark with death
   Before you open lie!
   The heavenly warning now obey;
   Ye sons of pride, go watch and pray.

4. Thou aged man, life's wintry storm
   Hath seared thy vernal bloom;
   With trembling limbs and wasting form
   Thou 'rt bending o'er the tomb:
   And can vain hope lead thee astray?
   Go, weary pilgrim, watch and pray.

SP. SONGS.

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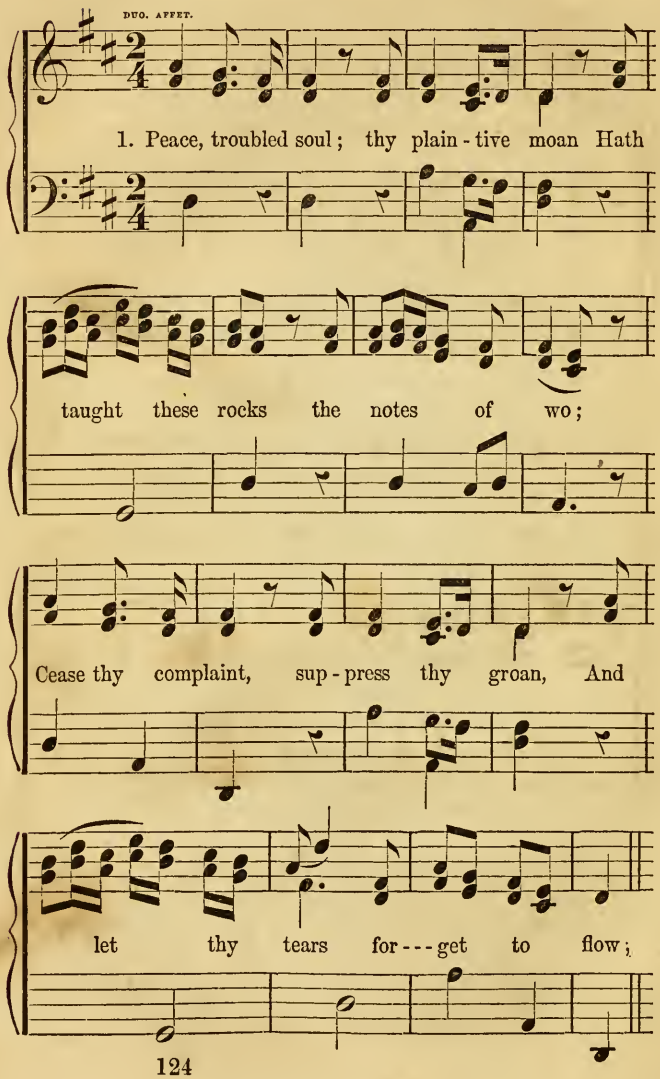
## 115. Prayer for Mercy. C. L. M.

1. Jesus, incarnate Son of God,
   Now hear us from on high;
   Oh seal our pardon by thy blood,
   To thee, to thee we cry:
   Our prostrate souls no merit claim;
   We plead thine all-prevailing name.

2. Ruined and all defiled with sin,
   Our souls would turn and live;
   Lord, if thou wilt, now make us clean,
   And all our sins forgive:
   Thy righteousness, thy bleeding love,
   Can every stain of guilt remove.

SP. SONGS.

## "PEACE, TROUBLED SOUL." MAZZINGHI.



## "PEACE, TROUBLED SOUL"—CONTINUED.

CHORUS.

Be--hold a pre--cious balm is found, To

lull thy pain, to heal thy wound.

2. Come, freely come, by sin oppressed,
Unburthen here thy weighty load;
Here find thy refuge and thy rest,
And trust the mercy of thy God:
Thy God's thy Saviour—glorious word!
For ever love and praise the Lord.

## WILMOT. 7s. BOSTON ACADEMY.

1. Je----sus, save my dy----ing soul;

Make the brok-en spir---it whole: Humbled in the

dust I lie: Sav--iour, leave me not to die.

# The Penitent.

2. Jesus, full of every grace,
Now reveal thy smiling face;
Grant the joy of sins forgiven,
Foretaste of the bliss of heaven.

3. All my guilt to thee is known;
Thou art righteous, thou alone:
All my help is from thy cross;
All beside I count but loss.

4. Lord, in thee I now believe;
Wilt thou, wilt thou not forgive?
Helpless at thy feet I lie;
Saviour, leave me not to die. SP. SONGS.

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118. Godly Sorrow. 7s.

1. Sovereign Ruler, Lord of all,
Prostrate at thy feet I fall:
Hear, O hear my ardent cry;
Frown not, lest I faint and die.

2. Vilest of the sons of men,
Worst of rebels I have been;
Oft abused thee to thy face,
Trampled on thy richest grace!

3. Justly might thy vengeful dart
Pierce this bleeding, broken heart;
Justly might thy kindled ire
Blast me in eternal fire.

4. But with thee there's mercy found,
Balm to heal my every wound:
Soothe, O soothe the troubled breast,
Give the weary wanderer rest.

## MEROE. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. Show pit - y, Lord; O Lord, for - give; Let a re- - -
2. My crimes are great, but can't sur - pass The power and
- - pent - - ing reb - - el live: Are not thy mer - cies large and
glo - - - - ry of thy grace: Great God, thy na - ture hath no
free? May not a sin - - - - ner trust in thee?
bound, So let thy pardon - - ing love be found.

3. O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.

4. My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.

5. Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just, in death:
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

6. Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

WATTS.

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## 120. Inconstancy Lamented. L. M.

1. Ah, wretched, vile, ungrateful heart,
That can from Jesus thus depart,
Thus fond of trifles, widely rove,
Forgetful of a Saviour's love.

2. Dear Lord, to thee I would return,
And at thy feet, repentant, mourn:
There let me view thy pardoning love,
And never from thy sight remove.

3. Oh let thy love, with sweet control,
Bind every passion of my soul;
Bid every vain desire depart,
And dwell for ever in my heart.

STEELE.

## FOREST. L, M. WESTERN MELODY.

1. Oh that my load of sin were gone! Oh

that I could at last sub-mit At Je--sus' feet to

lay me down, To lay my soul at Je---sus' feet.

2. Rest for my soul I long to find;
Saviour, if mine indeed thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3. Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest till pure within—
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

4. Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,
Nor let thy chariot wheels delay:
Appear, in my poor heart appear;
My God, my Saviour, come away.

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122. Clinging to the Cross. L. M.

1. Here, at thy cross, my dying Lord,
I lay my soul beneath thy love,
Beneath the droppings of thy blood,
Jesus, nor shall it e'er remove.

2. Should worlds conspire to drive me thence,
Moveless and firm this heart should lie;
Resolved—for that 's my last defence—
If I must perish, there to die.

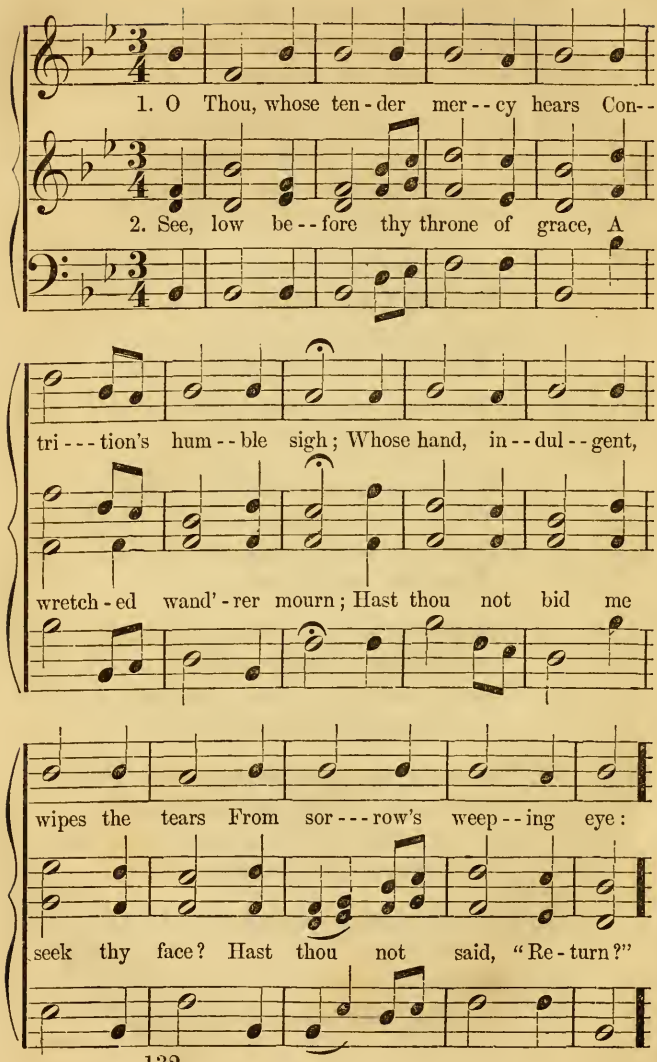
3. But speak, my Lord, and calm my fear;
Am I not safe beneath thy shade?
Thy vengeance will not strike me here,
Nor Satan dare my soul invade.

4. Yes, I 'm secure beneath thy blood,
And all my foes shall lose their aim:
Hosanna to my dying Lord,
And my best honors to his name.

WATTS.

## AVON. C.M.

SCOTTISH.



3. And shall my guilty fears prevail
   To drive me from thy feet?
   Oh, let not this dear refuge fail,
   This only safe retreat.

4. Oh, shine on this benighted heart,
   With beams of mercy shine,
   And let thy healing voice impart
   A taste of joys divine.

STEELE.

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124. Resolving to go to Christ. C. M.

1. Come, trembling sinner, in whose breast
   A thousand thoughts revolve;
   Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
   And make this last resolve:

2. "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
   Hath like a mountain rose;
   I know his courts, I'll enter in,
   Whatever may oppose.

3. "Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
   And there my guilt confess;
   I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone
   Without his sovereign grace.

4. "Perhaps he will admit my plea,
   Perhaps will hear my prayer;
   But if I perish, I will pray,
   And perish only there.

5. "I can but perish if I go,
   I am resolved to try;
   For if I stay away, I know
   I must for ever die."

JONES.

## STATE-STREET. S.M. WOODMAN.

1. Ah! whith--er should I go, Bur--
2. My Sav--iour bids me come; Ah!

dened, and sick, and faint; To whom should I my
why do I de---lay? He calls the wea---ry

trou--bles show, And pour out my com--plaint?
sin---ner home, And yet from him I stay.

3. What is it keeps me back,
From which I cannot part?
Which will not let the Saviour take
Possession of my heart?

4. Jesus, the hind'rance show,
Which I have feared to see;
And let me now consent to know
What keeps me back from thee.

5. Searcher of hearts, in mine
Thy saving power display;
Into its darkest corner shine,
And take the veil away.

WESLEY'S COLL.

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126. Safety in God. S. M.

1. When, overwhelmed with grief,
My heart within me dies,
Helpless, and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift mine eyes.

2. O lead me to the rock
That 's high above my head,
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.

3. Within thy presence, Lord,
For ever I 'll abide;
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

4. Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear thy name;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

WATTS.

## EMMAUS. C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

TENDERLY.

1. With tears of an-guish I la--ment, Here

2. Sure there was ne'er a heart so base, So

at thy feet, my God, My pas--sion, pride, and

false as mine has been; So faith--less to its

dis--con--tent, And vile in----grat----i----tude.

prom--is----es, So prone to eve----ry sin.

3. How long, dear Saviour, shall I feel
These struggles in my breast?
When wilt thou bow my stubborn will
And give my conscience rest?

4. Break, sovereign grace, O break the charm,
And set the captive free;
Reveal, almighty God, thine arm,
And haste to rescue me.

STENNETT.

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128. Repentance. C. M.

1. How oft, alas, this wretched heart
Has wandered from the Lord!
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word.

2. Yet sovereign mercy calls, "Return:"
Dear Lord, and may I come?
My vile ingratitude I mourn;
O take the wanderer home.

3. And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pardoned rebel live
To speak thy wondrous love?

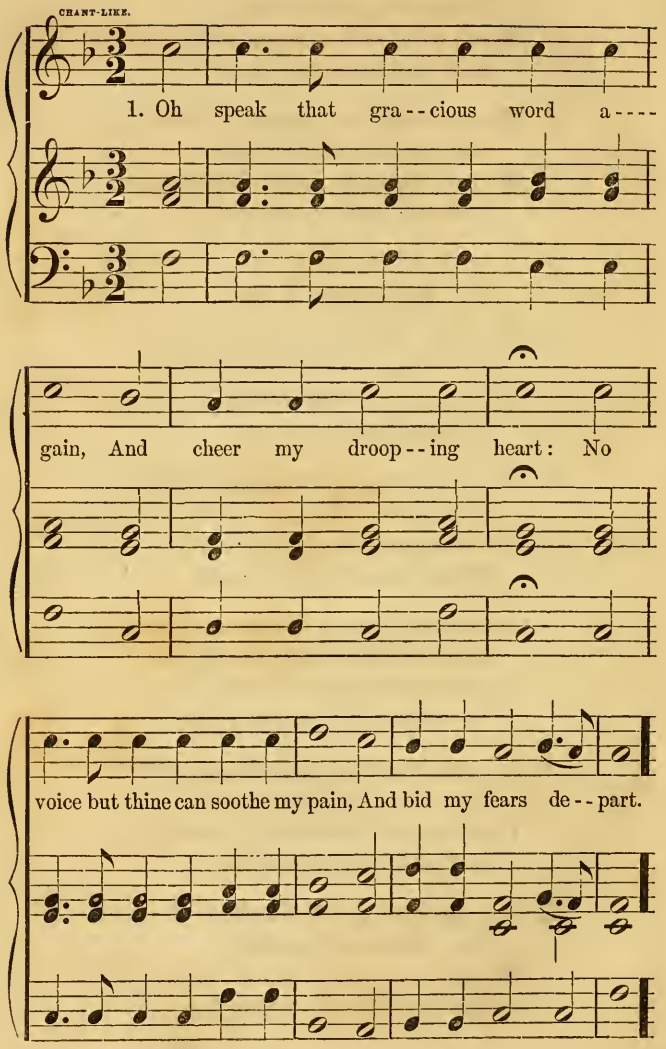
4. Almighty grace, thy healing power
How glorious, how divine!
That can to life and bliss restore
So vile a heart as mine.

5. Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,
Dear Saviour, I adore;
Oh keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

STEELE.

## BYEFIELD. C.M.

HASTINGS.



2. And wilt thou still vouchsafe to own
   A worm so vile as I?
   And may I still approach thy throne
   And Abba, Father, cry?

3. My Saviour, by his powerful word,
   Hath turned my night to day;
   And all those heavenly joys restored
   Which I had sinned away.

4. Dear Lord, I wonder and adore;
   Thy grace is all divine:
   O keep me, that I sin no more
   Against such love as thine.

NEWTON.

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130. **Godly Sorrow.** C. M.

1. Prostrate, dear Jesus, at thy feet
   A guilty rebel lies;
   And upward to thy mercy-seat
   Presumes to lift his eyes.

2. Oh, let not justice frown me hence;
   Stay, stay the vengeful storm:
   Forbid it, that Omnipotence
   Should crush a feeble worm.

3. If tears of sorrow would suffice
   To pay the debt I owe,
   Tears should from both my weeping eyes
   In ceaseless currents flow.

4. But no such sacrifice I plead
   To expiate my guilt;
   No tears but those which thou hast shed–
   No blood but thou hast spilt.

STENNETT.

## HAVEN. C. M.

HASTINGS.

TENDERLY.

1. How sad our state by na - - ture is! Our

2. But there's a voice of sovereign grace Sounds

sin, how deep its stains! And Sa - - tan binds our cap - tive

from the sa - - cred word: "Ho! ye de - spair-ing sin - ners,

minds Fast in his slav - ish chains, Fast in his slav - ish chains.

come, And trust up - on the Lord, And trust up - on the Lord."

3. My soul obeys th' almighty call,
   And runs to this relief:
   I would believe thy promise, Lord,
   Oh, help my unbelief.

4. To the dear fountain of thy blood,
   Incarnate God, I fly;
   Here let me wash my spotted soul
   From crimes of deepest dye.

5. A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
   On thy kind arms I fall;
   Be thou my strength and righteousness,
   My Jesus, and my all.

WATTS.

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132. Self-Dedication to God. C. M.

1. What shall I render to my God
   For all his kindness shown?
   My feet shall visit thine abode,
   My songs address thy throne.

2. How much is mercy thy delight,
   Thou ever-blessed God!
   How dear thy servants in thy sight,
   How precious is their blood!

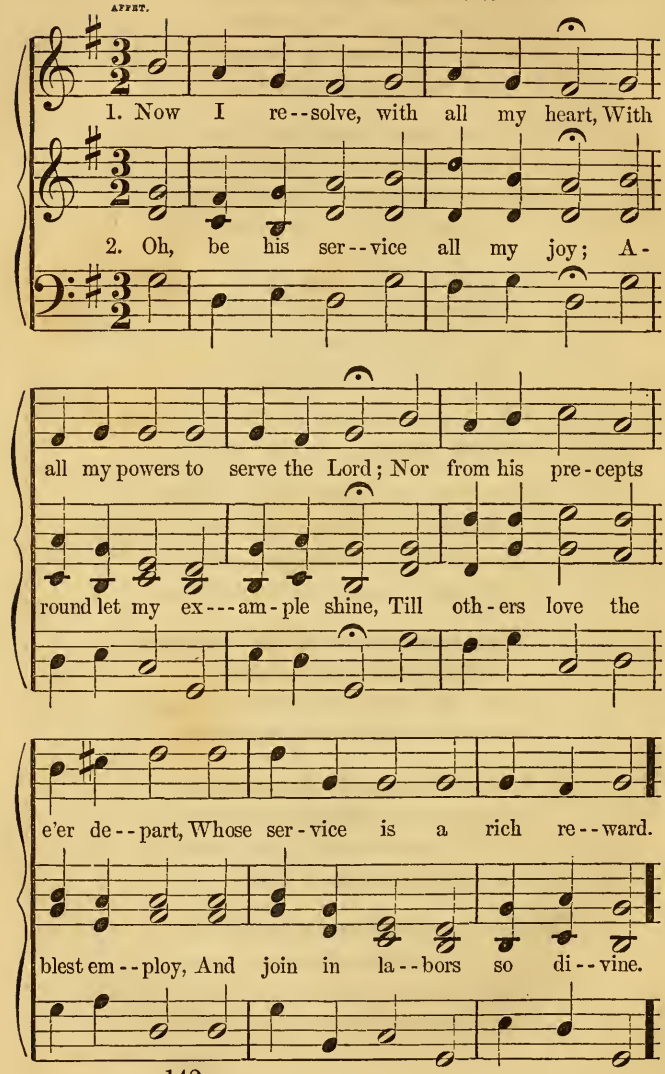
3. How happy all thy servants are!
   How great thy grace to me!
   My life, which thou hast made thy care,
   Lord, I devote to thee.

4. Now I am thine, for ever thine,
   Nor shall my purpose move;
   Thy hand has loosed my bonds of pain,
   And bound me with thy love.

WATTS.

## ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

L. MASON.



3. Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determined choice,
To yield to his supreme control,
And in his kind commands rejoice.

4. Oh, may I never faint, nor tire,
Nor wandering, leave his sacred ways;
Great God, accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live thy praise.

STEELE.

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## 134. The Happy Choice. L. M.

1. O happy day, that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God;
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2. O happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3. 'T is done—the great transaction 's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine:
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4. Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When called on angels' bread to feast?

5. High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless, in death, a bond so dear.

DODDRIDGE.

## HURON. 5s & 6s. MANHATTAN COLL.

1. O Je--sus di - vine, My Lord and my

2. To thee will I look, To thee will I

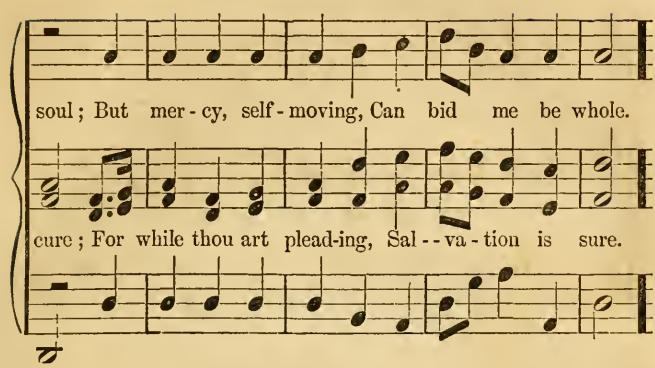
God, My soul I re - sign, The pur - chase of

cry: O lead to the Rock That's high - er than

blood: Thy law, sin re - prov-ing, Brings death to the

I: Thy love in--ter--ced-ing, Shall par---don se-

HURON—CONTINUED.

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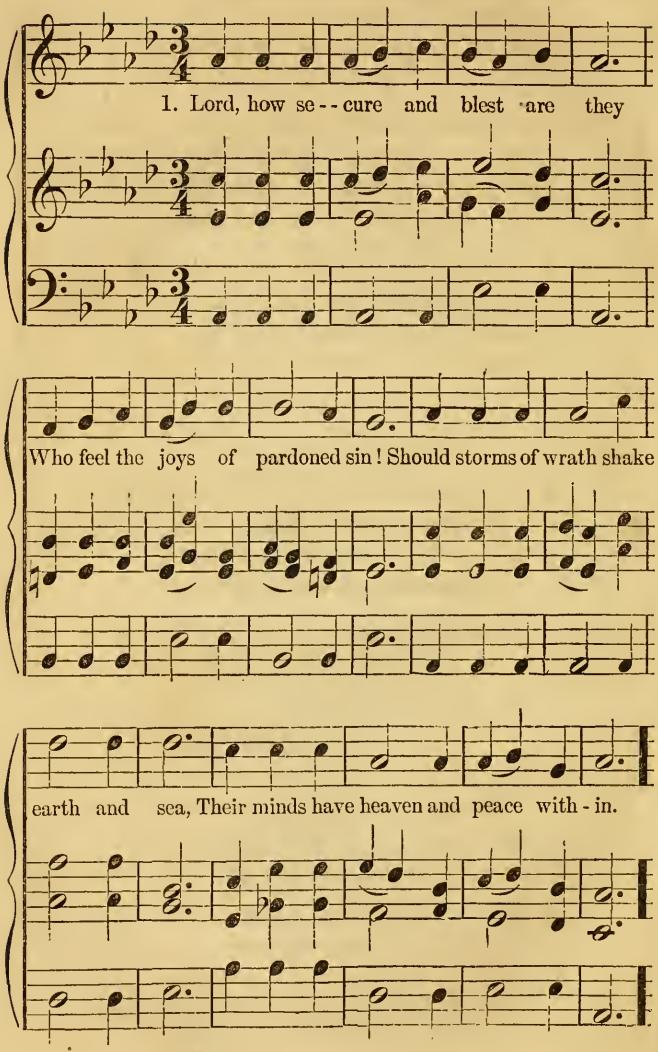
136 **Praise for Salvation.**

1. Our Saviour alone,
   The Lord let us bless,
Who reigns on his throne,
   The Prince of our peace;
Who evermore saves us,
   By shedding his blood:
All hail, holy Jesus,
   Our Lord and our God.

2. We thankfully sing
   Thy glory and praise,
Thou merciful Spring
   Of pity and grace.
Thy kindness for ever
   To men we will tell;
And say, our dear Saviour
   Redeemed us from hell.

## ROSE HILL. L. M. ROOT & SWEETZER.



2. The day glides swiftly o'er their heads,
   Made up of innocence and love;
And, soft and silent as the shades,
   Their nightly minutes gently move.

3. How oft they look to th' heavenly hills,
   Where groves of living pleasures grow,
And longing hopes and cheerful smiles
   Sit undisturbed upon their brow.

4. They scorn to seek our golden toys;
   But spend the day and share the night,
In numbering o'er the richer joys
   That heaven prepares for their delight.

WATTS.

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138. Living to Christ. L. M.

1. My gracious Lord, I own thy right
   To every service I can pay,
And call it my supreme delight
   To hear thy dictates and obey.

2. I would not breathe for worldly joy,
   Or to increase my worldly good,
Nor future days nor powers employ
   To spread a sounding name abroad.

3. 'T is to my Saviour I would live;
   To Him who for my ransom died;
Nor could all worldly honor give
   Such bliss as crowns me at his side.

4. His work my hoary age shall bless
   When youthful vigor is no more,
And my last hour of life confess
   His saving love, his glorious power.

DODDRIDGE.

## HORTON. 7s. WARTENSEE.

1. 'Tis a point I long to know,
2. Could my heart so hard re--main,
3. Yet I mourn my stub--born will,

Oft it caus--es anx-ious thought: Do I love the
Prayer a task and bur--den prove, Eve-ry tri--fle
Find my sin a grief and thrall; Should I grieve for

Lord, or no? Am I his, or am I not?
give me pain, If I knew a Sav--iour's love?
what I feel, If I did not love at all?

# The Christian.

4. Could I joy his saints to meet;
   Choose the ways I once abhorred;
   Find, at times, the promise sweet,
   If I did not love the Lord?

5. Lord, decide the doubtful case;
   Thou, who art thy people's Sun,
   Shine upon thy work of grace,
   If it be indeed begun.

6. Let me love thee more and more,
   If I love at all, I pray:
   If I have not loved before,
   Help me to begin to-day.

NEWTON.

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140. The Christian Pilgrim. 7s.

1. Pilgrim, burdened with thy sin,
   Haste to Zion's gate to-day;
   There, till mercy let thee in,
   Knock, and weep, and watch, and pray.

2. Knock—for mercy lends an ear;
   Weep—she marks the sinner's sigh;
   Watch—till heavenly light appear;
   Pray—she hears the mourner's cry.

3. Mourning pilgrim, what for thee
   In this world can now remain?
   Seek that world from which shall flee
   Sorrow, shame, and tears, and pain.

4. Sorrow shall for ever fly;
   Shame shall never enter there;
   Tears be wiped from every eye;
   Pain in endless bliss expire.

## NUREMBURGH. 7s, 6 LINES. GERMAN.

1. { Once I thought my moun - tain strong,
Then my Sav - iour was my song,

Firm-ly fixed, no more to move; } Those were hap - py,
Then my soul was filled with love;

gold - en days, Sweet - ly spent in prayer and praise.

2. Little then myself I knew,
   Little thought of Satan's power;
Now I feel my sins anew,
   Now I feel the stormy hour,
Sin has put my joys to flight;
Sin has turned my day to night.

3. Saviour, shine and cheer my soul,
   Bid my dying hopes revive;
Make my wounded spirit whole,
   Far away the tempter drive;
Speak the word and set me free,
Let me live alone to thee.

NEWTON.

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142. Prayer and Hope in Affliction. 7s.

1. Hearken, Lord, to my complaints,
For my soul within me faints;
Thee, far off, I call to mind,
In the land I left behind,
Where the streams of Jordan flow,
Where the heights of Hermon glow.

2. Once the morning's earliest light
Brought thy mercy to my sight,
And my wakeful song was heard
Later than the evening bird:
Hast thou all my prayers forgot?
Will thy mercy heed them not?

3. Why, my soul, art thou perplexed?
Why, with faithless trouble vexed?
Hope in God, whose saving name
Thou shalt joyfully proclaim,
When his countenance shall shine
Through the clouds that darken thine.

MONTGOMERY.

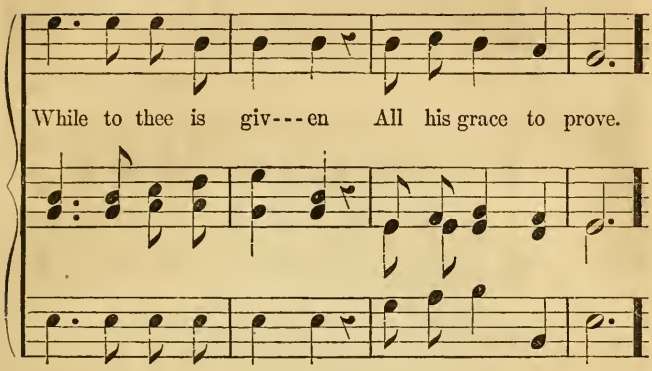
## FRANCONIA. 6s & 5s. KL—FF.

1. Why that look of sad-ness? Why that downcast

eye? Can no thought of glad-ness Lift thy soul on high?

O thou heir of heav-en, Think of Je-sus' love,

FRANCONIA—CONTINUED.




2. Is thy burdened spirit
   Agonized for sin?
Think of Jesus' merit;
   He can make thee clean:
Think of Calvary's mountain,
   Where his blood was spilt;
In that precious fountain
   Wash away thy guilt.

3. Is thy spirit drooping?
   Is the tempter near?
Still in Jesus hoping,
   What hast thou to fear?
Set the prize before thee,
   Gird thy armor on;
Heir of grace and glory,
   Struggle for thy crown.

## ARMENIA. C. M.

S. B. POND.

1. Fa--ther, what--e'er of earth--ly bliss Thy

2. "Give me a calm, a thank--ful heart, From

sove-reign will de--nies, Ac--cept---ed at thy

eve---ry mur--mur free; The bless--ings of thy

throne of grace Let this pe----ti----tion rise.

grace im--part, And let me live to thee.

3. "Let the sweet hope that I am thine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end."

STEELE.

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145. Prayer for Quickening Grace. C. M.

1. My soul lies cleaving to the dust;
Lord, give me life divine;
From vain desires and every lust
Turn off these eyes of mine.

2. I need the influence of thy grace
To speed me in thy way,
Lest I should loiter in my race,
Or turn my feet astray.

3. When sore afflictions press me down,
I need thy quickening powers;
Thy word that I have rested on,
Shall help my heaviest hours.

4. Are not thy mercies sovereign still,
And thou a faithful God?
Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal
To run the heavenly road?

5. Does not my heart thy precepts love,
And long to see thy face?
And yet how slow my spirits move
Without enlivening grace.

6. Then shall I love thy gospel more,
And ne'er forget thy word,
When I have felt its quickening power
To draw me near the Lord.

WATTS.

## NAOMI. C. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Fa---ther, whate'er of earth--ly bliss Thy

2. "Give me a calm, a thank--ful heart, From

sovereign will de---nies, Ac-cept--ed at thy

eve--ry mur--mur free; The bless-ings of thy

throne of grace, Let this pe-----ti--tion rise:

grace im--part, And let me live to thee.

3. "Let the sweet hope that I am thine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end."

STEELE.

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147. **Prayer for Sincerity.** C. M.

1. Lord, when we bow before thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
O, may we feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.

2. Our contrite spirits, pitying, see;
True penitence impart;
And let a healing ray from thee
Beam hope on every heart.

3. When we disclose our wants in prayer,
O, let our wills resign,
And not a thought our bosom share
Which is not wholly thine.

4. Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies,
And teach our hearts 't is goodness still,
That grants it, or denies.

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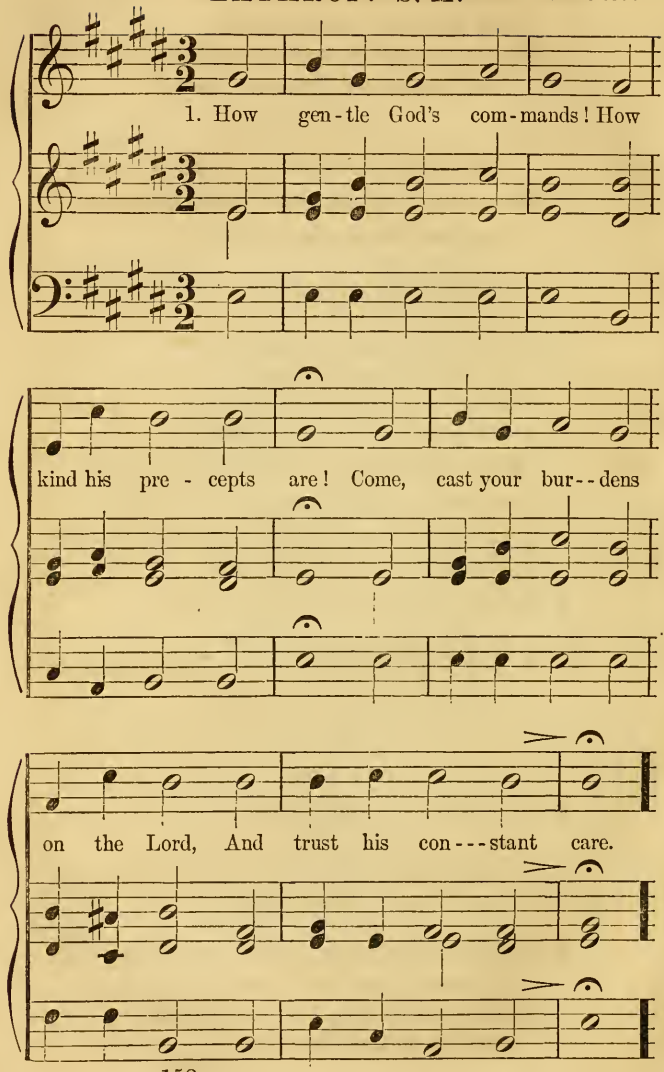
148. **The Pilgrim's Hope.** C. M.

1. We seek a rest beyond the skies,
In everlasting day:
Through floods and flames the passage lies,
But Jesus guards the way.

2. The swelling flood and raging flame
Hear and obey his word;
Then let us triumph in his name;
Our Saviour is THE LORD.

## LATHROP. S. M.

L. MASON.



2. His bounty will provide;
   His saints securely dwell;
   That hand which bears creation up,
   Shall guard his children well.

3. Why should this anxious load
   Press down your weary mind?
   Oh, seek your heavenly Father's throne,
   And peace and comfort find.

4. His goodness stands approved,
   Unchanged from day to day;
   I'll drop my burden at his feet
   And bear a song away.

DODDRIDGE.

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150. **Prayer for Spiritual Life.** S. M.

1. We lift our hearts to thee,
   Thou Daystar from on high;
   The sun itself is but thy shade,
   Yet cheers both earth and sky.

2. O let thy rising beams
   Dispel the shades of night;
   And let the glories of thy love
   Come like the morning light.

3. How beauteous nature now!
   How dark and sad before!
   With joy we view the pleasing change,
   And nature's God adore.

4. May we this life improve,
   To mourn for errors past,
   And live each short revolving day
   As if it were our last.

## SCHNEIDER. S. M. W. B. BRADBURY.

1. O, bless--ed souls are they, Whose sins are
2. They mourn their fol---lies past, And keep their

cov---ered o'er; Di----vine-----ly blest, to
hearts with care; Their lips and lives, with-

whom the Lord Im--putes their guilt no more.
out de---ceit, Shall prove their faith sin---cere.

3. While I concealed my guilt,
   I felt the fest'ring wound;
   Till I confessed my sins to thee,
   And ready pardon found.

4. Let sinners learn to pray,
   Let saints keep near the throne;
   Our help, in times of deep distress,
   Is found in God alone.

WATTS.

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152. **Christ our Sacrifice.** S. M.

1. Not all the blood of beasts,
   On Jewish altars slain,
   Could give the guilty conscience peace,
   Or wash away the stain.

2. But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
   Takes all our sins away;
   A sacrifice of nobler name,
   And richer blood than they.

3. My faith would lay her hand
   On that dear head of thine,
   While like a penitent I stand,
   And there confess my sin.

4. My soul looks back to see
   The burdens thou didst bear
   When hanging on th' accursed tree,
   And hopes her guilt was there.

5. Believing, we rejoice
   To see the curse remove;
   We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
   And sing his bleeding love.

WATTS.

## DUKE-STREET. L. M. HATTON.

1. 'Tis by the faith of joys to come, We walk thro'

des-erts dark as night: Till we ar--rive at heaven, our

home, Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

2. The want of sight she well supplies;
   She makes the pearly gates appear;
   Far into distant worlds she pries,
   And brings eternal glories near.

3. Cheerful we tread the desert through,
   While faith inspires a heavenly ray,
   Though lions roar and tempests blow,
   And rocks and dangers fill the way.

4. So Abraham, by divine command,
   Left his own house to walk with God:
   His faith beheld the promised land,
   And fired his zeal along the road.

WATTS.

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154. Christ and his Righteousness. L. M.

1. No more, my God, I boast no more
   Of all the duties I have done;
   I quit the hopes I held before,
   To trust the merits of thy Son.

2. Now for the love I bear his name,
   What was my gain I count my loss,
   My former pride I call my shame,
   And nail my glory to his cross.

3. Yes, and I must and will esteem
   All things but loss for Jesus' sake;
   O may my soul be found in him,
   And of his righteousness partake.

4. The best obedience of my hands
   Dares not appear before thy throne;
   But faith can answer thy demands,
   By pleading what my Lord has done.

WATTS.

## ORTONVILLE. C. M.

HASTINGS.

DIM.

1. Ma--jes---tic sweet-ness sits enthroned Up-

2. No mor--tal can with him com-pare, A-

CRES.

on the Saviour's brow; His head with radiant glories crowned, His

mong the sons of men; Fair-er is he than all the fair Who

lips with grace o'er--flow, His lips with grace o'er--flow.

fill the heavenly train, Who fill the heavenly train.

3. He saw me plunged in deep distress,
   And flew to my relief;
   For me he bore the shameful cross
   And carried all my grief.

4. Since from his bounty I receive
   Such proofs of love divine,
   Had I a thousand hearts to give,
   Lord, they should all be thine.

S.

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156. **The Name of Jesus.** C. M.*

1. How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
   In a believer's ear;
   It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
   And drives away his fear.

2. It makes the wounded spirit whole,
   And calms the troubled breast;
   'T is manna to the hungry soul,
   And to the weary rest.

3. By him my prayers acceptance gain,
   Although with sin defiled;
   Satan accuses me in vain,
   And I am owned a child.

4. Weak is the effort of my heart,
   And cold my warmest thought;
   But when I see thee as thou art,
   I 'll praise thee as I ought.

5. Till then I would thy love proclaim
   With every fleeting breath;
   And may the music of thy name
   Refresh my soul in death.

NEWTON.

* See also the tune CHESTER, page 74.

## ROCK OF AGES. 7s. 6 LINES.

1. Rock of A--ges, cleft for me, Let me
D. C. Be of sin the per-fect cure, Save me,

2. Should my tears for ev--er flow, Should my
D. C. In my hand no price I bring; Sim--ply

hide my--self in thee; Let the wa--ter and the
Lord, and make me pure.

zeal no lan-guor know, This for sin could not a--
to thy cross I cling.

D. C.

blood, From thy wound--ed side that flowed,
D. C.

tone, Thou must save, and thou a-----lone.
D. C.

3. While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

TOPLADY.

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158. Christ our Example in Suffering. 7s.

1. Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye who feel the tempter's power;
Your Redeemer's conflict see;
Watch with him one bitter hour;
Turn not from his griefs away;
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

2. Follow to the judgment-hall,
View the Lord of life arraigned;
O, the wormwood and the gall!
O, the pangs his soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of him to bear the cross.

3. Calvary's mournful mountain climb:
There, adoring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete:
"It is finished," hear him cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4. Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid his breathless clay:
All is solitude and gloom;
Who hath taken him away?
Christ has risen, he seeks the skies;
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

MONTGOMERY.

## CADDO. C. M.

From the "Shawm."

1. Do not I love thee, O my Lord? Be-
2. Do not I love thee from my soul? Then
3. Is not thy name me---lo--dious still To
hold my heart, and see; And turn each hate--ful
let me noth---ing love! Dead be my heart to
mine at----ten---tive ear? Doth not each pulse with
i------dol out, That dares to ri-----val thee.
eve-----ry joy, When Je---sus can---not move.
pleas---ure bound, My Sav--iour's voice to hear?

4. Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock,
   I would disdain to feed?
   Hast thou a foe, before whose face
   I fear thy cause to plead?

5. Would not my heart pour forth its blood
   In honor of thy name,
   And challenge the cold hand of death
   To damp th' immortal flame?

6. Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord!
   But Oh, I long to soar
   Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
   And learn to love thee more.

DODDRIDGE.

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160. Excellency of Christ. C. M.

1. Infinite loveliness is thine,
   Thou blessed Prince of grace!
   Thine uncreated beauties shine
   With never-fading rays.

2. Sinners, from earth's remotest end,
   Come bending at thy feet;
   To thee their prayers and vows ascend,
   In thee their wishes meet.

3. Millions of happy spirits live
   On thine exhaustless store;
   From thee they all their bliss receive,
   And still thou givest more.

4. Thou art their triumph and their joy—
   They find their all in thee;
   Thy glories will their tongues employ,
   Through all eternity.

## DOVER. S. M.

1. The Lord my shep--herd is, I
2. He leads me to the place Where
shall be well sup--plied: Since he is mine, and
heaven-ly pas--ture grows, Where liv---ing wa--ters
I am his, What can I want be----side?
gent---ly pass, And full sal---va---tion flows.

3. If e'er I go astray,
   He doth my soul reclaim;
And guides me in his own right way,
   For his most holy name.

4. While he affords his aid,
   I cannot yield to fear:
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade,
   My Shepherd's with me there.

WATTS.

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162. **Adoption.** S. M.

1. Behold what wondrous grace
   The Father hath bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,
   To call them sons of God.

2. Nor doth it yet appear
   How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
   We shall be like our head.

3. A hope so much divine
   May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
   As Christ the Lord is pure.

4. If in my Father's love,
   I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit like a dove,
   To rest upon my heart.

5. We would no longer lie,
   Like slaves beneath the throne;
My faith shall, *Abba, Father*, cry,
   And thou the kindred own.

WATTS.

## MILES. C. M.

AIR BY A—Y.

GENTLY, BUT NOT TOO SLOW.

1. To whom, my Sav--iour, shall I go, If I de--part from thee; My guide thro' all this vale of woe, And more than all to me.

2. The world reject thy gentle reign,
And pay thy death with scorn;
Oh, they could plat thy crown again,
And sharpen every thorn.

3. But I have felt thy dying love
Breathe gently through my heart,
To whisper hope of joys above;
And can we ever part?

4. Ah, no! with thee I'll walk below,
My journey to the grave:
To whom, my Saviour, shall I go,
When only thou canst save?

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164. Christ my All. C. M.

1. The Saviour! Oh, what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound!
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads sweet peace around.

2. Here pardon, life, and joys divine
In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels lost in sin,
And doomed to endless woe.

3. Oh, the rich depths of love divine,
Of bliss a boundless store:
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine;
I cannot wish for more.

4. On thee alone my hope relies,
Beneath thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my all.

STEELE.

## BOYNTON. C. M. DR. MALAN—AIR.

LEGATO. AFFET.

1. Thou love--ly source of true de--light, Whom

2. Thy glo--ry o'er cre--a--tion shines; But

un---seen I a--dore, Un----veil thy

in thy sa----cred word I read, in

beauties to my sight, That I may love thee more.

fair--er, brighter lines, My bleed-ing, dy---ing Lord.

3. 'T is here, whene'er my comforts droop,
And sin and sorrow rise,
Thy love, with cheering beams of hope,
My fainting heart supplies.

4. But ah, too soon the pleasing scene
Is clouded o'er with pain;
My gloomy fears rise dark between,
And I again complain.

5. Jesus, my Lord, my life, my light,
O come with blissful ray,
Break radiant through the clouds of night,
And chase my fears away.

STEELE.

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166. **A Refuge from the Storm.** C. M.

1. Dear Refuge of my weary soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

2. To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.

3. But Oh, when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

4. Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul would cleave to thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

STEELE

## MEDWAY. L. M.

Arranged by L. Mason.

1. My God, per-mit me not to be A stranger

to my---self and thee; A-midst a thou-sand

thoughts I rove, For--get--ful of my high--est love.

2. Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth;
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour, go?

3. Call me away from flesh and sense,
One sovereign word can draw me thence;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

4. Be earth with all her scenes withdrawn;
Let noise and vanity be gone:
In secret silence of the mind,
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

WATTS.

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168. **Christ our Example.** L. M.

1. My dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.

2. Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe, and make them mine.

3. Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy victory too.

4. Be thou my pattern: make me bear
More of thy gracious image here:
Then God the Judge shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

WATTS.

## ZADOC. 7s, 6 LINES. MANHATTAN COLL.

1. Qui----et, Lord, my fro---ward heart;
D. C. From dis---trust and en----vy free,

2. What thou shalt to---day pro---vide,
D. C. 'Tis e---nough that thou wilt care;

Make me teach--a---ble and mild, Up-right, sim-ple,
Pleased with all that pleas--es thee.

Let me as a child re-ceive; What to--mor-row
Why should I the bur--den bear?

free from art, Make me as a wean--ed child—
D. C.

may be---tide, Calm--ly to thy wis--dom leave;
D. C.

3. As the little one relies
   On a care beyond its own,
Knows he 's neither strong nor wise,
   Fears to move one step alone;
Let me thus with thee abide,
As my Father, Guardian, Guide.

4. Keep me from the tempter's wiles,
   Safe from dangers, free from fears;
Let me live upon thy smiles,
   Till the promised hour appears;
When the sons of God shall prove
All their Father's boundless love.

ANON.

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**170.** Prayer for Divine Light. 7s. 6 LINES.

1. Oh, reveal thy lovely face;
   Quicken all my drooping powers;
Gasps my fainting soul for grace,
   As a thirsty land for showers.
Haste, my Lord, no more delay;
Come, my Saviour, come away.

2. Dark and cheerless is the morn,
   Unaccompanied by thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
   Till thy mercy's beams I see;
Till thou inward light impart,
Glad my eyes and warm my heart.

3. Visit then this soul of mine;
   Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, Radiance divine!
   Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more thyself display,
   Shining to the perfect day.

C. WESLEY.

## LUTHER. S. M.

HASTINGS.

2d TREBLE.

1. Grace, 'tis a charm - ing sound, Har-mo-nious to the

1st TREBLE.

2. Grace first con - - trived the way To save re - bellious

ear! Heaven with the ech - - - - - o shall re-sound, And

man; And all the steps that grace dis-play Which

all the earth shall hear, And all the earth shall hear.

drew the wondrous plan, Which drew the wondrous plan.

3. Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet
While pressing on to God.

4. Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

DODDRIDGE.

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172. Christ's Mediation. S. M.

1. Raise your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune;
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.

2. Sing how eternal Love
Its chief Beloved chose,
And bid him raise our ruined race
From their abyss of woes.

3. His hand no thunder bears,
No terror clothes his brow,
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.

4. 'T was mercy filled the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent with pardons down
To rebels doomed to die.

5. Now, sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrow cease;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offered peace.

WATTS.

## LABAN. S. M.

L. MASON.

1. My soul, be on thy guard, Ten
2. Oh, watch, and fight, and pray, The

thou-sand foes a---rise; And hosts of sins are
bat---tle ne'er give o'er; Re----new it bold--ly

press--ing hard To draw thee from the skies.
eve---ry day, And help di---vine im---plore.

3. Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thy armor down:
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

HEATH.

---

## 174. Song of Moses and the Lamb. S. M.

1. Awake, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake, every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

2. Sing of his dying love,
Sing of his rising power,
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.

3. Sing till we feel our heart
Ascending with our tongue;
Sing till the love of sin depart,
And grace inspire our song.

4. Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed singers, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ, th' eternal King.

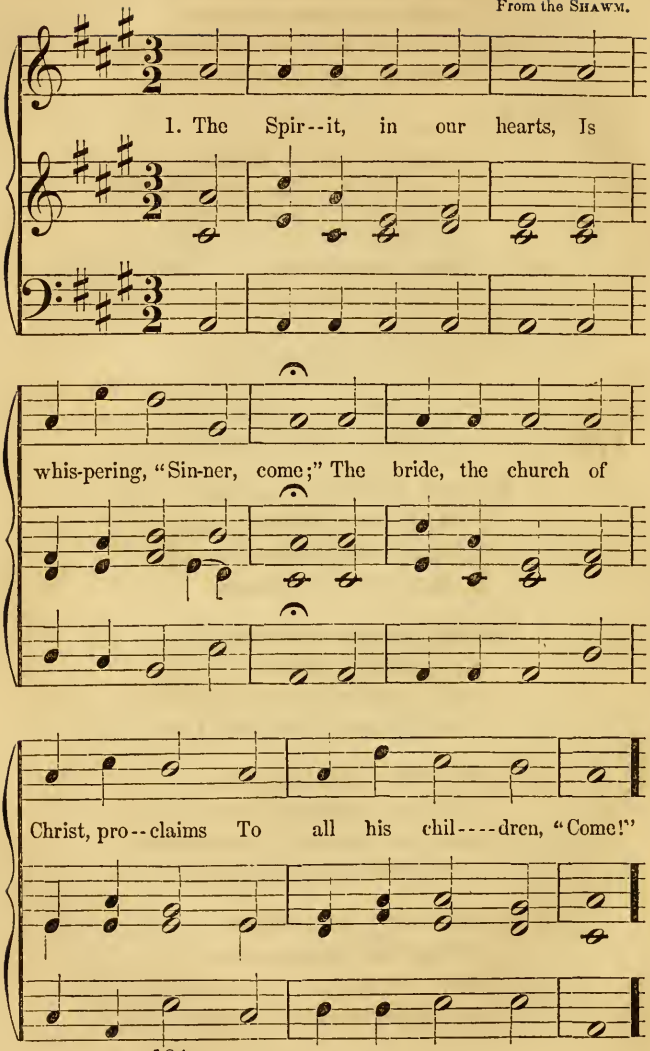
5. Soon shall we hear him say,
"Ye blessed children, come;"
Soon will he call us hence away,
And take his wanderers home.

6. Soon shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim,
And sweeter voices tune the song
"Of Moses and the Lamb."

HAMMOND.

## LULA. S. M.

From the SHAWM.



2. Let him that heareth, say,
   To all about him, "Come!"
   Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
   To Christ, the fountain, come.

3. Yes, whosoever will,
   Oh let him freely come,
   And freely drink the stream of life;
   'T is Jesus bids him come.

4. Lo, Jesus, who invites,
   Declares, I quickly come:
   Lord, even so, I wait thy hour;
   Jesus, my Saviour, come!

EPIS. COLL.

---

**176.** **Seeking God.** S. M.

1. My God, permit my tongue
   This joy, to call thee mine;
   And let my early cries prevail,
   To taste thy love divine.

2. For life, without thy love,
   No relish can afford;
   No joy can be compared with this,
   To serve and please the Lord.

3. In wakeful hours of night
   I call my God to mind;
   I think how wise thy counsels are,
   And all thy dealings kind.

4. The shadow of thy wings
   My soul in safety keeps;
   I follow where my Father leads,
   And he supports my steps.

WATTS.

## STILLINGFLEET. S. M. SWISS.

1. O cease, my wan-dering soul, On
rest--less wing to roam; All this wide world, to
ei----ther pole, Has not for thee a home.

2. Behold the ark of God!
   Behold the open door;
   Oh, haste to gain that dear abode,
   And roam, my soul, no more.

3. There, safe thou shalt abide,
   There, sweet shall be thy rest,
   And every longing satisfied,
   With full salvation blest.

4. Then cease, my wandering soul,
   On restless wing to roam;
   All this wide world, to either pole,
   Has not for thee a home.

EPIS. COLL.

---

178. **Christ Weeping.** S. M.

1. Did Christ o'er sinners weep?
   And shall our cheeks be dry?
   Let floods of penitential grief
   Burst forth from every eye.

2. The Son of God in tears,
   Angels with wonder see;
   Be thou astonished, O my soul,
   He shed those tears for thee.

3. He wept, that we might weep;
   Each sin demands a tear:
   In heaven alone no sin is found,
   And there's no weeping there.

BEDDOME.

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**Doxology.** S. M.

Ye angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, praise the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

## MORAVIAN HYMN. C. M. D. LUTHER.

1. { I'm not a---shamed to own my
Main--tain the hon---or of his

D. C. Nor will he put my hope to

Lord, Or to de--fend his cause, } Je---sus, my
word, The glo---ry of his cross. }

shame, Nor let my soul be lost.

D. C.

God, I know his name, His name is all my trust;

D. C.

2. Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour;
Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

WATTS.

---

180. **Holy Fortitude.** C. M.

1. Am I a soldier of the cross?
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2. Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease?
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3. Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4. Sure, I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord:
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5. The saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They view the triumph from afar,
With faith's discerning eye.

WATTS.

## WARFARE. L. M.

HASTINGS.

VERY BOLD

1. Awake, our souls! away, our fears! Let eve--ry trembling
2. True, 'tis a strait and thorny road, And mor--tal spir--its
thought be gone; Awake, and run the heaven-ly race, And put a
tire and faint; But they for-get the migh-ty God Who feeds the

FINAL

cheerful courage on. [Nor tire a-midst the heavenly road.
strength of every saint.

3. The mighty God, whose matchless power
Is ever new, and ever young;
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4. From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a full supply;
While such as trust their native strength,
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

5. Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

WATTS.

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182. The Christian Warfare. L. M.

1. Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armor on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where Jesus thy great Captain's gone.

2. Hell and thy sins resist thy course;
But hell and sin are vanquished foes:
Thy Jesus nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph, when he rose.

3. Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

4. Then shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace;
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

WATTS.

## AZMON. C. M.

GLASER.
Arranged by L. Mason.

1. Come, thou de--sire of all thy saints, Our hum--ble strains at--tend, While, with our prais--es all thy suf-ferings trace, What sweet--ly aw---ful warm de---vo---tion rise! How should our souls, on wings of love, Mount up--ward to the skies!

2. When we thy wondrous glo-ries hear, And and com-plaints, Low at thy feet we bend.

3. How should our songs, like those a--bove, With scenes ap--pear! What rich, un--bound--ed grace.

4. Come, Lord, thy love alone can raise
In us the heavenly flame;
Then shall our lips resound thy praise,
Our hearts adore thy name.

5. Dear Saviour, let thy glory shine,
And fill thy dwellings here,
Till life and love and joy divine
A heaven on earth appear.

6. Then shall our hearts enraptured say,
Come, great Redeemer, come,
And bring the bright, the glorious day,
That calls thy children home.

STEELE.

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## 184. The Christian Race. C. M.

1. Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2. A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3. 'T is God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'T is his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

4. Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
Have I my race begun;
And crowned with victory, at thy feet
I 'll lay my honors down.

DODDRIDGE.

## WARWICK. C. M.

STANLEY.

1. Let world--ly minds the world pur-
2. As by the light of open- --ing

sue, It has no charms for me; Once I ad-

day The stars are all con-cealed, So earth--ly

mired its tri---fles too, But grace has set me free.

pleasures fade a----way When Je---sus is re-vealed.

3. Creatures no more divide my choice;
   I bid them all depart;
   His name, and love, and gracious voice,
   Have fixed my roving heart.

4. Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,
   And wholly live to thee;
   But may I hope that thou wilt own
   A worthless worm like me?

5. Yes, though of sinners I 'm the worst,
   I cannot doubt thy will;
   For if thou hadst not loved me first,
   I had refused thee still.

NEWTON.

---

186. Love. C. M.

1. Happy the heart where graces reign,
   Where love inspires the breast;
   Love is the brightest of the train,
   And strengthens all the rest.

2. Knowledge, alas, 't is all in vain,
   And all in vain our fear;
   Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
   If love be absent there.

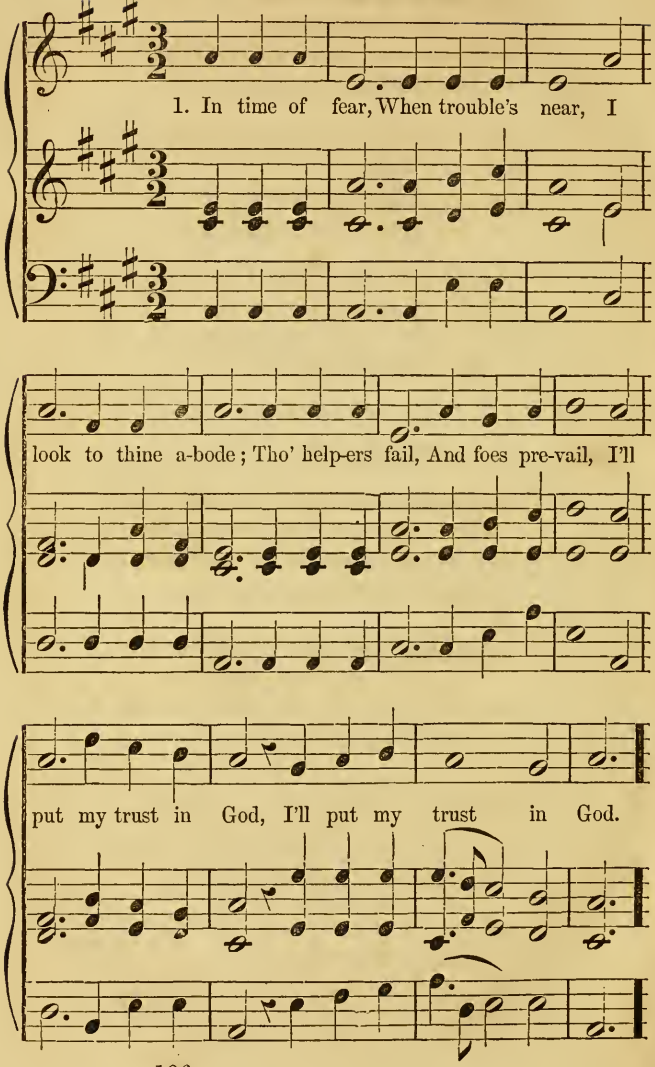
3. This is the grace that lives and sings
   When faith and hope shall cease;
   'T is this shall strike our joyful strings
   In the sweet realms of bliss.

4. Before we quite forsake our clay,
   Or leave this dark abode,
   The wings of love bear us away
   To see our smiling God.

WATTS.

## ARCADIA. C. M.

HASTINGS.



2. And what is life
But toil and strife?
What terror has the grave?
Thine arm of power,
In peril's hour,
The trembling soul will save.

3. In darkest skies,
Though storms arise,
I will not be dismayed;
O God of light
And boundless might,
My soul on thee is stayed.

---

188. God our Safety. C. M.

1. Jehovah lives, and be his name
By every heart adored;
From age to age he is the same,
The only God and Lord.

2. He is our rock when troubles rise,
And storms and tempests lower;
He rides triumphant in the skies,
And saves us by his power.

3. Salvation to the Lord belongs;
We give Jehovah praise;
Lift up our hearts, and holy songs
To our deliverer raise.

4. He saves from danger, death, and hell,
From fear, distress, and harm;
Makes every soul in safety dwell,
For mighty is his arm.

## DALLIBA. L. M.

HASTINGS.

CHANTING STYLE

1. I send the joys of earth a-way; A-way, ye

2. Your streams were float-ing me a-long, Down to the

tempt-ers of the mind, False as the smooth de-ceit-ful

gulf of dark de--spair; And while I list--ened to your

sea, And emp--ty as the whist--ling wind.

song, Your streams had e'en con--veyed me there.

3. Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,
That warned me of that dark abyss;
That drew me from those treacherous seas,
And bade me seek superior bliss.

4. Now to the shining realms above
I stretch my hands and glance my eyes;
O for the pinions of a dove
To bear me to the upper skies!

5. There, from the bosom of my God,
Oceans of endless pleasure roll;
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

WATTS.

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## 190. Communion with God. L. M.

1. O that I could for ever dwell
With Mary at my Saviour's feet,
And view the form I love so well,
And all his tender words repeat.

2. The world shut out from all my soul,
And heaven brought in with all its bliss,
O, is there aught, from pole to pole,
One moment to compare with this?

3. This is the hidden life I prize,
A life of penitential love,
When most my follies I despise,
And raise the highest thoughts above.

4. Thus would I live, till nature fail,
And all my former sins forsake;
Then rise to God within the veil,
And of eternal joys partake.

REED.

## WICKLIFFE. C. M.

HASTINGS.

TENDERLY.

1. When mus - - ing sor - - row weeps the past, And mourns the pres - - ent pain, 'Tis sweet to think of dread a Fa - - ther's will; 'Tis not that meek sub - peace at last, And feel that death is gain.

2. 'Tis not that murmuring thoughts a - rise, And mis - - sion flies, And would not suf - - - - fer still:

3. It is that heaven-born Faith surveys
   The path that leads to light,
   And longs her eagle plumes to raise,
   And lose herself in sight.

4. It is that Hope with ardor glows
   To see Him face to face,
   Whose dying love no language knows
   Sufficient art to trace.

5. 'Tis that the troubled conscience feels
   The pangs of struggling sin,
   And sees, though far, the hand that heals,
   And ends the strife within.

6. O, let me wing my hallowed flight
   From earth-born woe and care,
   And soar above these clouds of night,
   My Saviour's bliss to share.

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192. Casting all Care on God. C. M.

1. Still on the Lord thy burden roll,
   Nor let a care remain;
   His mighty arm shall bear thy soul,
   And all thy griefs sustain.

2. Ne'er will the Lord his aid deny
   To those who trust his love:
   The men, who on his grace rely,
   Nor earth nor hell shall move.

---

Doxology. C. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
   The God whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
   And shall be evermore.

## SHIRLAND. S. M.

STANLEY.

1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known; Join in a song of sweet ac----cord, And thus sur-round the throne.

2. The sor-rows of the mind Be ban-ished from the place; Re----lig----ion nev----er was de----signed To make our pleas--ures less.

3. Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

4. The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits, on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.

5. The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields
Or walk the golden streets.

6. Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We 're marching through Emmanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

WATTS.

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194. Bless the Lord, O my Soul. S. M.

1. O bless the Lord, my soul;
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favors are divine.

2. O bless the Lord, my soul,
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

3. He crowns thy life with love,
When ransomed from the grave;
He that redeemed my soul from hell,
Hath sovereign power to save.

WATTS.

## EDGEWORTH. C. M.

HASTINGS.

GENTLY.*

1. My God, my Fa - ther, bliss - - ful name! O,

may I call thee mine? May I with sweet as - - sur-ance claim A

por - tion so di - - vine? A por - tion so di - - - vine?

* Not so slow as to make the cadences heavy.

2. This only can my fears control,
   And bid my sorrows fly:
   What harm can ever reach my soul
   Beneath my Father's eye?

3. Whate'er thy Providence denies,
   I cheerfully resign;
   Lord, thou art good and just and wise,
   I yield my will to thine.

4. Whate'er thy sacred will ordains,
   Still give me strength to bear:
   Let me but know my Father reigns,
   I'll trust his tender care.

STEELE.

---

196. **Breathing after Heaven.** C. M.

1. Return, O God of love, return,
   Earth is a tiresome place;
   How long shall we, thy children, mourn
   Our absence from thy face?

2. Let heaven succeed our painful years,
   Let sin and sorrow cease;
   And in proportion to our tears,
   So make our joys increase.

3. Thy wonders to thy servants show,
   Make thine own work complete;
   Then shall our souls thy glory know,
   And own thy love was great.

4. Then shall we shine before thy throne
   In all thy beauty, Lord;
   And the poor service we have done
   Meet a divine reward.

WATTS.

## AUTUMN. 8s & 7s, DOUBLE. SPANISH.

1. Je-sus, I my cross have taken, All to leave and follow

thee; Naked, poor, despised, forsaken, Thou from hence my All shalt

Human hopes have oft deceived me; Thou art faithful, thou art

be: Let the world neglect and leave me; They have left my Saviour too:

AL SEGNO.

true.

1. Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my All shalt be:
Let the world neglect and leave me,
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hopes have oft deceived me;
Thou art faithful, thou art true.

2. Perish, earthly fame and treasure,
Come disaster, scorn, and pain:
In thy service, pain is pleasure;
With thy favor, loss is gain:
Oh, 't is not in grief to harm me,
While thy bleeding love I see;
Oh, 't is not in joy to charm me,
When that love is hid from me.

---

198. Assurance. 8s & 7s.

1. Know, my soul, thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin and fear and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear:
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think what Jesus did to win thee:
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

2. Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day 's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there:
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

## SELEUCIA. 8s, 7s, 4s. PSALMODIST.

SLOW.

1. { Guide me, O thou great Je - - - ho - - vah! Pilgrim
{ I am weak, but thou art migh - ty, Hold me

thro' this bar - - ren land; } Bread of heav - en, Bread of
with thy power - ful hand: }

heav - - en, Feed me till I want no more.

2. Open, Lord, the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3. When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

ROBINSON.

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200. The God of Zion. 8s, 7s & 4s.

1. Zion stands, by hills surrounded—
Zion, kept by power divine:
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine.
Happy Zion,
What a favored lot is thine!

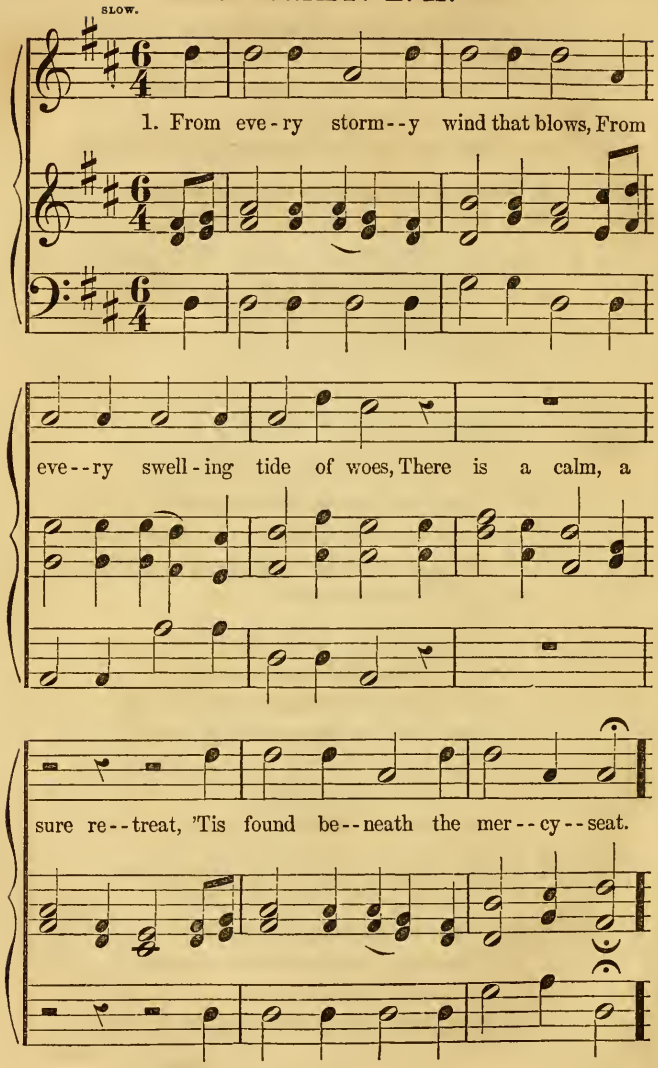
2. Every human tie may perish,
Friend to friend unfaithful prove,
Mothers cease their own to cherish,
Heaven and earth at last remove;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

3. In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright;
But can never cease to love thee,
Thou art precious in his sight:
God is with thee—
God, thy everlasting light.

KELLY.

## RETREAT. L. M.

HASTINGS.



# Private Devotion.

2. There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place of all on earth most sweet,
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3. There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend:
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

---

## 202. Private Devotion. L. M.

1. Return, my roving heart, return,
And chase these shadowy forms no more;
Seek out some solitude, to mourn,
And thy forsaken God implore.

2. O thou great God, whose piercing eye
Distinctly marks each deep recess,
In these sequestered hours draw nigh,
And with thy presence fill the place.

3. Through all the windings of my heart,
My search let heavenly wisdom guide,
And still its radiant beams impart,
Till all be searched and purified.

4. Then, with the visits of thy love
Vouchsafe my inmost soul to cheer,
Till every grace shall join to prove
That God has fixed his dwelling there.

DODDRIDGE.

## MONSON. C. M.

BROWN.

1. I love to steal a---while a-
2. I love in sol----i----tude to

way From eve---ry cumbering care, And spend the hours of

shed The pen----i--ten-tial tear, And all His prom-is-

set---ting day In hum--ble, grate---ful prayer.

es to plead, Where none but God can hear.

3. I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.

4. I love, by faith, to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

5. Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

BROWN.

---

204. Rejoicing in God. C. M.

1. O Lord, I would delight in thee,
And on thy care depend;
To thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only Friend.

2. No good in creatures can be found,
But may be found in thee:
I must have all things, and abound,
While God is God to me.

3. He that has made my heaven secure,
Will here all good provide:
While Christ is rich, can I be poor?
What can I want beside?

4. O Lord, I cast my care on thee,
I triumph and adore:
Henceforth my great concern shall be
To love and please thee more.

DR. RYLAND.

## INTERCESSION. C. M. MOTHER'S MAG.

2d TREBLE.

TENDERLY.

1. O that I knew the se-cret place Where

1st TREBLE.

2. I'd tell him how my sins a-rise, What

I might find my God; I'd spread my wants be-fore his face, And

sor-rows I sus-tain; How grace decays, and com-fort dies, And

pour my woes a-broad, And pour my woes a--broad.

leaves my heart in pain, And leaves my heart in pain.

3. He knows what arguments I'd take
To wrestle with my God;
I'd plead for his own mercy's sake,
And for my Saviour's blood.

WATTS' SER.

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206. **Devotion.** C. M.

1. While thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

2. Thy love the power of thought bestowed,
To thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed,
That mercy I adore.

3. In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see;
Each blessing to my soul most dear,
Because conferred by thee.

4. In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5. When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

6. My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear,
That heart will rest on thee.

WILLIAMS.

## BALERMA. C. M.

BOST. ACAD. COL.
By permission.

1. O for a clos--er walk with God; A calm and heaven-ly frame; A light to shine up-on the road That leads me to the Lamb!

2. Where is the bless-ed--ness I knew When first I saw the Lord? Where is the soul--re-fresh--ing view Of Je----sus and his word?

3. What peace-ful hours I once en--joyed! How sweet their memo-ry still! But they have left an ach--ing void The world can nev---er fill.

4. Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn
And drove thee from my breast.

5. The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6. So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

COWPER.

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208. **Watchfulness and Prayer.** C. M.

1. Alas, what hourly dangers rise!
What snares beset my way!
To heaven O let me lift my eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.

2. O gracious God, in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid;
Help me to watch and pray and strive,
Though trembling and afraid.

3. Increase my faith, increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.

4. O keep me in thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee:
And let me never, never stray
From happiness and thee.

STEELE.

## DEDHAM. C. M.

ENGLISH.

1. Sweet was the time when first I felt The Sav--iour's pardoning blood Ap-plied to cleanse my soul from guilt, And bring me home to God.

2. Soon as the morn the light re-vealed, His prais--es tuned my tongue; And when the evening shades pre--vailed, His love was all my song.

3. In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine;
And when I read his holy word,
I called each promise mine.

4. But now, when evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

5. My prayers are now an empty noise,
For Jesus hides his face:
I read—the promise meets my eyes,
But will not reach my case.

6. Rise, Lord, now help me to prevail,
And make my soul thy care;
I know thy mercy cannot fail,
Let me that mercy share.

NEWTON.

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210. **Bearing the Cross.** C. M.

1. Didst thou, dear Jesus, suffer shame
And bear the cross for me?
And shall I fear to own thy name,
Or thy disciple be?

2. Forbid it, Lord, that I should dread
To suffer shame or loss;
Oh let me in thy footsteps tread,
And glory in thy cross.

3. Inspire my soul with life divine,
And holy courage bold;
Let knowledge, faith, and meekness shine,
Nor love nor zeal grow cold.

KIRKHAM.

## EVENING PSALM. C. M. HASTINGS.

1. Lord, thou wilt hear me when I pray; I am for ev---er thine: I fear be---fore thee all the day, Nor would I dare to sin.

2. And while I rest my weary head,
From cares and business free,
'T is sweet conversing on my bed
With my own heart and thee.

3. I pay this evening sacrifice;
And when my work is done,
Great God, my faith, my hope relies
Upon thy grace alone.

4. Thus with my thoughts composed to peace,
I'll give mine eyes to sleep;
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep.

WATTS.

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212. **Communion with God.** C. M.

1. To thee, before the dawning light
My gracious God, I pray;
I meditate thy name by night,
And keep thy law by day.

2. My spirit faints to see thy grace;
Thy promise bears me up;
And while salvation long delays,
Thy word supports my hope.

3. Oft, through the day, I lift my hands
And pay my thanks to thee;
Thy righteous providence demands
Repeated praise from me.

4. When midnight darkness veils the skies,
I call thy works to mind;
My thoughts in warm devotion rise,
And sweet acceptance find.

WATTS.

## WOODSTOCK. C. M.

D. DUTTON, JR.

1. Far from the world, O Lord, I flee, From
2. The calm re--treat, the si---lent shade, With
strife and tu---mult far, From scenes where Sa--tan
prayer and praise a----gree; And seem by thy sweet
wa--ges still His most suc---cess---ful war.
boun-ty made For those who fol---low thee.

3. There, if thy Spirit touch the soul
And grace her mean abode,
Oh, with what peace and joy and love
She communes with her God.

4. There like the nightingale she pours
Her solitary lays;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

5. Author and Guardian of my life,
Sweet Source of light divine,
And—all harmonious names in one—
My Saviour, thou art mine.

COWPER.

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## 214. Refuge in God. C. M.

1. Dear Father, to thy mercy-seat
My soul for shelter flies;
'T is here I find a safe retreat
When storms and tempests rise.

2. My cheerful hope can never die,
If thou, my God, art near;
Thy grace can raise my comforts high,
And banish every fear.

3. My great Protector and my Lord,
Thy constant aid impart;
Oh, let thy kind, thy gracious word
Sustain my trembling heart.

4. Oh, never let my soul remove
From this divine retreat;
Still let me trust thy power and love,
And dwell beneath thy feet.

STEELE.

## DEARBORN. C. M. W. B. BRADBURY.

SLOW AND PLAINTIVE.

1. Why is my heart so far from thee, My
2. Why should my fool--ish pas--sions rove? Where
3. When my for--get---ful soul re--news The

God, my chief de---light? Why are my thoughts no
can such sweet-ness be, As I have tast--ed
sa---vor of thy grace, My heart pre-sumes I

more by day With thee, no more by night?
in thy love, As I have found in thee?
can--not lose The rel----ish all my days.

4. But ere one fleeting hour is past,
   The flattering world employs
   Some sensual bait to seize my taste,
   And to pollute my joys.

5. Trifles of nature or of art,
   With fair deceitful charms,
   Intrude into my thoughtless heart,
   And thrust me from thy arms.

6. Then I repent, and vex my soul
   That I should leave thee so:
   Where will those wild affections roll
   That let a Saviour go?

WATTS.

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216. The Lost Found. C. M.

1. Oh, how divine, how sweet the joy,
   When but one sinner turns,
   And with a humble, broken heart,
   His sins and errors mourns!

2. Pleased with the news, the saints below
   In songs their tongues employ;
   Beyond the skies the tidings go,
   And heaven is filled with joy.

3. Well pleased the Father sees and hears
   The conscious sinner's moan;
   Jesus receives him in his arms,
   And claims him for his own.

4. Nor angels can their joys contain,
   But kindle with new fire:
   "The sinner lost, is found," they sing,
   And strike the sounding lyre.

NEEDHAM.

## ADINA. 7s, SINGLE. HULLAH.

1. Come, my soul, thy suit pre----pare,
2. Thou art com---ing to a King,
3. With my bur---den I be-----gin—

Je--sus loves to an-swer prayer; He him---self has
Large pe--ti--tions with thee bring; For his grace and
Lord, re-move this load of sin; Let thy blood, for

bid thee pray, There-fore will not say thee, Nay.
power are such, None can ev---er ask too much.
sin--ners spilt, Set my con-science free from guilt.

# Family Devotion.

4. Lord, I come to thee for rest;
Take possession of my breast;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

5. While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

6. Show me what I have to do;
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

NEWTON.

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218. **Blessing humbly Requested.** 7s.

1. Lord, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow:
O do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2. Lord, on thee our souls depend;
In compassion, now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3. In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go
Till a blessing thou bestow.

4. Send some message from thy word
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

HAMMOND.

## STEPHENS. C. M. JONES, OF NAYLAND.

1. Once more, my soul, the ris - ing day Sa -

2. Night un - - to night his name re-peats, The

3. 'Tis he sup - - ports my mor - tal frame; My

lutes my wak - - ing eyes; Once more, my voice, thy

day re - - - news the sound, Wide as the heaven, on

tongue shall speak his praise; My sins would rouse his

trib - - - ute pay To Him who rules the skies.

which he sits To turn the sea - - sons round.

wrath to flame, And yet his wrath de - - lays.

4. A thousand wretched souls are fled
   Since the last setting sun,
   And yet thou lengthenest out my thread,
   And yet my moments run.

5. Great God, let all my hours be thine,
   While I enjoy the light;
   Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
   And bring a pleasant night.

WATTS.

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220. **An Evening Song.** C. M.

1. Dread Sovereign, let my evening song
   Like holy incense rise;
   Assist the offerings of my tongue
   To reach the lofty skies.

2. Perpetual blessings from above
   Encompass me around,
   But Oh, how few returns of love
   Hath my Creator found.

3. What have I done for Him who died
   To save my wretched soul?
   How are my follies multiplied
   Fast as my minutes roll.

4. Lord, with this guilty heart of mine
   To thy dear cross I flee,
   And to thy grace my soul resign,
   To be renewed by thee.

5. Sprinkled afresh with pardoning blood,
   I lay me down to rest,
   As in the embraces of my God,
   Or on my Saviour's breast.

WATTS.

## TALLIS' HYMN. L. M.

2d TREBLE.

1st TREBLE.

1. Glo---ry to thee, my God, this night, For
2. For--give me, Lord, for thy dear Son, The
all the blessings of the light; Keep me, O keep me,
ill that I this day have done; That with the world, my-
self and thee, I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
King of kings, Be--neath the shad-ow of thy wings.

3. Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise, glorious, at that awful day.

4. O let my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep my eyelids close,
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

5. O when shall I, in endless day,
For ever chase dark sleep away;
And hymns divine with angels sing,
Glory to thee, eternal King!

KENN.

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222. A Morning Hymn. L. M.

1. Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily course of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

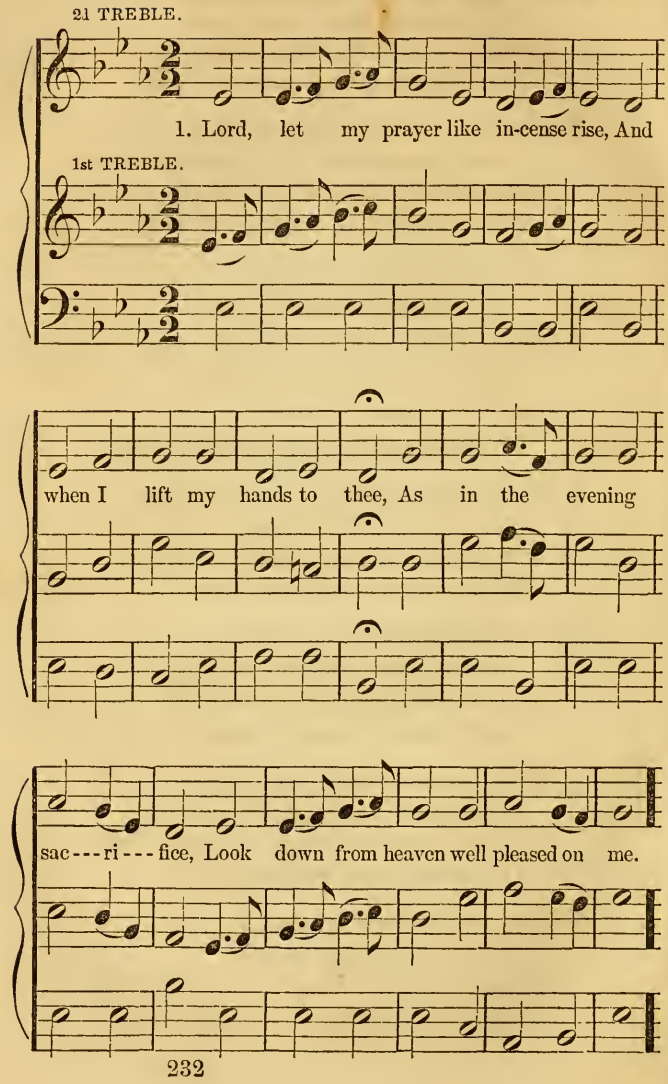
2. Glory to thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

3. Lord, I my vows to thee renew,
Disperse my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

4. Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

KENN.

## ILLINOIS. L. M. WESTERN MELODY.



2. Set thou a watch to keep my tongue,
   Let not my heart to sin incline:
   Save me from men who practise wrong;
   Let me not share their mirth and wine.

3. But let the righteous, when I stray,
   Smite me in love; his strokes are kind;
   His mild reproofs like oil allay
   The wounds they make, and heal the mind.

MONTGOMERY.

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## 224. A Morning Hymn. L. M.

1. God of the morning, at whose voice
   The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
   And like a giant doth rejoice
   To run his journey through the skies:

2. From the fair chambers of the east
   The circuit of his race begins,
   And without weariness or rest,
   Round the whole earth he flies and shines.

3. Oh, like the sun, may I fulfil
   The appointed duties of the day;
   With ready mind and active will,
   March on and keep my heavenly way.

4. But I shall rove and lose the race,
   If God, my sun, should disappear,
   And leave me in this world's wild maze
   To follow every wandering star.

5. Give me thy counsel for my guide,
   And then receive me to thy bliss;
   All my desires and hopes beside,
   Are faint and cold, compared with this.

WATTS.

## HEBRON. L. M.

L. MASON.

1. Thus far the Lord hath led me on, Thus far his power pro - longs my days, And eve--ry even--ing I per - haps am near my home; But he for - gives my shall make known Some fresh me - - mo - - rial of his grace. fol - - lies past, He gives me strength for days to come.

3. I lay my body down to sleep;
   Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
   Their watchful stations round my bed.

4. Faith in his name forbids my fear;
   O may thy presence ne'er depart,
And in the morning make me hear
   The love and kindness of thy heart.

5. Thus when the night of death shall come,
   My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
   With sweet salvation in the sound.

WATTS.

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226. An Evening Hymn. L. M.

1. Great God, to thee my evening song
   With humble gratitude I raise;
O let thy mercy tune my tongue,
   And fill my heart with lively praise.

2. My days unclouded as they pass,
   And every gently rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
   And witness to thy love and power.

3. And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,
   Too oft regardless of thy love,
Ungrateful, can from thee depart,
   And fond of trifles, vainly rove.

4. Seal my forgiveness in the blood
   Of Jesus; his dear name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God,
   And kind acceptance at thy throne.

STEELE.

## HALLE. 7s, 6 LINES. GERMAN.

TENDERLY.

1. { In this calm im---pres---sive hour,
God of mer---cy, God of power,

Let my prayer as--cend on high; }
Hear me, when to thee I cry: }
Hear me from thy

lof---ty throne, For the sake of Christ thy Son.

2. With this morning's early ray,
   While the shades of night depart,
Let thy beams of light convey
   Joy and gladness to my heart:
Now o'er all my steps preside,
And for all my wants provide.

3. Oh what joy that word affords,
   "Thou shalt reign o'er all the earth;"
King of kings and Lord of lords,
   Send thy gospel-heralds forth:
Now begin thy boundless sway,
Usher in the glorious day.

---

228. Evening. 7s.

1. Now from labor and from care
   Evening shades have set me free;
In the work of praise and prayer,
   Lord, I would converse with thee:
O behold me from above,
Fill me with a Saviour's love.

2. Sin and sorrow, guilt and woe,
   Wither all my earthly joys;
Naught can charm me here below
   But my Saviour's melting voice:
Lord, forgive; thy grace restore;
Make me thine for evermore.

3. For the blessings of this day,
   For the mercies of this hour,
For the Gospel's cheering ray,
   For the Spirit's quickening power,
Grateful notes to thee I raise,
O accept my song of praise.

## ABERFORD. 8s & 4s. SPIRITUAL SONGS.

1. God of evening and of morning, Great Source of all,
While our hearts with love are burning, Prostrate we fall :

Now thy sacred throne addressing, And our follies all confessing,

We entreat a Father's blessing ; Lord, hear our call, Lord, hear, etc.

229. **Morning and Evening Worship.** 8s & 4s.

1. God of evening and of morning,
   Great Source of all,
   While our hearts with love are burning,
   Prostrate we fall.
   Now thy sacred throne addressing,
   And our follies all confessing,
   We entreat a Father's blessing:
   Lord, hear our call.

2. Object of our souls' devotion,
   Thee we adore;
   Fill our hearts with sweet emotion,
   This sacred hour.
   Jesus, Master, thou art worthy,
   All the heavenly hosts adore thee;
   Saints shall cast their crowns before thee
   Now and evermore.

---

230. **Evening Worship.** 8s & 4s.

1. Thou that madest earth and heaven,
   Darkness and light,
   Who the day for toil hast given,
   For rest, the night;
   May thine angel guards defend us,
   Slumber sweet thy mercy send us,
   Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
   This livelong night.

## HEBER. C. M. KINGSLEY. By permission.

1. By cool Si---lo---am's sha--dy rill, How
2. And such the child whose ear---ly feet The
3. By cool Si---lo--am's sha---dy rill The

sweet the lil----y grows; How sweet the breath be-
paths of peace have trod, Whose se--cret heart, with
lil---y must de---cay; The rose that blooms be-

neath the hill, Of Sha--ron's dew----y rose.
in-fluence sweet, Is up--ward drawn to God.
neath the hill Must short--ly fade a----way.

4. And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
   Of man's maturer age
   May shake the soul with sorrow's power,
   And stormy passion's rage.

5. O Thou, whose infancy was found
   With heavenly rays to shine,
   Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,
   Were all alike divine;

6. Dependent on thy bounteous breath,
   We seek thy grace alone,
   In childhood, manhood, and in death,
   To keep us still thine own.

BISHOP HEBER.

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## 232. An Evening Song. C. M.

1. Lord, thou wilt hear me when I pray;
   I am for ever thine;
   I fear before thee all the day,
   Nor would I dare to sin.

2. And while I rest my weary head,
   From cares and business free,
   'T is sweet conversing on my bed
   With my own heart and thee.

3. I pay this evening sacrifice;
   And when my work is done,
   Great God, my faith and hope relies
   Upon thy grace alone.

4. Thus, with my thoughts composed to peace,
   I 'll give mine eyes to sleep;
   Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
   And will my slumbers keep.

WATTS.

## BOYLSTON. S. M.

L. MASON.

1. Our days are as the grass, Or
2. But thy com---pas---sions, Lord, To

like the morn-ing flower; If one sharp blast sweep
end--less years en---dure; And chil-dren's chil--dren

o'er the field, It with--ers in an hour:
ev----er find Thy words of prom---ise sure.

234. On Going to Rest. S. M.

1. The day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;
Oh, may we all remember well
The night of death draws near.

2. We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what is here possessed.

3. Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

4. And when we early rise,
And view the unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

5. And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

---

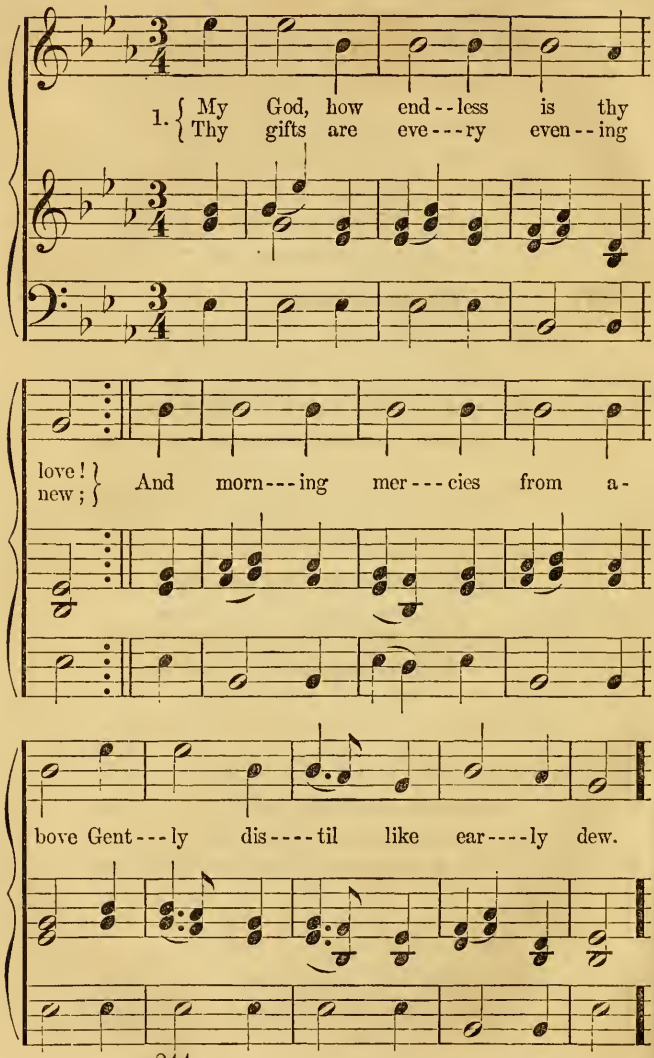
235. Affliction Blessed. S. M.

1. How gentle was the rod
That chastened us for sin;
How soon we found a smiling God
Where deep distress had been.

2. A Father's hand we felt,
A Father's heart we knew;
Mid tears of penitence we knelt,
And found his word was true.

## GRATITUDE. L. M.

BOST.



2. Thou spreadest the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3. I yield my powers to thy command;
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

WATTS.

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## 237. Delight in Worship. L. M.

1. Great God, indulge my humble claim,
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest;
The glories that compose thy name
Stand all engaged to make me blest.

2. Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father and my God;
And I am thine by sacred ties,
Thy son, thy servant, bought with blood.

3. With heart and eyes and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look;
As travellers in thirsty lands
Pant for the cooling water-brook.

4. With early feet I love to appear
Among thy saints, and seek thy face;
Oft have I seen thy glory there,
And felt the power of sovereign grace.

5. I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise;
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And spend the remnant of my days.

WATTS.

## AMITY STREET. S. M. N. Y. CHORALIST.

1. My son, know thou the Lord, Thy

Fa--ther's God o----bey; Seek his pro--tect--ing

care by night, His guar-dian hand by day.

2. Call, while he may be found,
   And seek him while he 's near;
   Serve him with all thy heart and mind,
   And worship him with fear.

3. If thou wilt seek his face,
   His ear will hear thy cry;
   Then shalt thou find his mercy sure,
   His grace for ever nigh.

4. But if thou leave thy God,
   Nor choose the path to heaven;
   Then shalt thou perish in thy sins,
   And never be forgiven.

---

239. **Union and Peace.** S. M.

1. Blest are the sons of peace,
   Whose hearts and hopes are one;
   Whose kind designs to serve and please
   Through all their actions run.

2. Blest is the pious house
   Where zeal and friendship meet;
   Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
   Make their communion sweet.

3. Thus, when on Aaron's head
   They poured the rich perfume,
   The oil through all his raiment spread,
   And pleasure filled the room.

4. Thus, on the heavenly hills,
   The saints are blest above;
   Where joy like morning dew distils,
   And all the air is love.

WATTS.

## LORD'S PRAYER. 8s, SINGLE. HASTINGS.

1. Our Fa--ther, our Fa--ther in heaven, Be

hal-lowed thy glo---ri---ous name; To thee let the

kingdom be given, Thy will we ac--knowledge supreme.

240. **The Lord's Prayer.** 8s.

1. Our Father, our Father in heaven,
   Be hallowed thy glorious name;
   To thee let the kingdom be given,
   Thy will we acknowledge supreme.

2. We would by thy bounty be fed,
   By infinite mercy forgiven,
   Nor into temptation be led,
   Nor into sad evils be driven.

3. For thine is the kingdom, O Lord,
   The power and the glory are thine;
   Be for ever and ever adored,
   On earth as in heaven divine.

---

241. **Our God for Ever and Ever.** 8s.

1. This God is the God we adore,
   Our faithful, unchangeable FRIEND;
   Whose love is as large as his power,
   And neither knows measure nor end.

2. 'T is Jesus, the FIRST and the LAST,
   Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
   We'll praise him for all that is past,
   And trust him for all that's to come.

HART.

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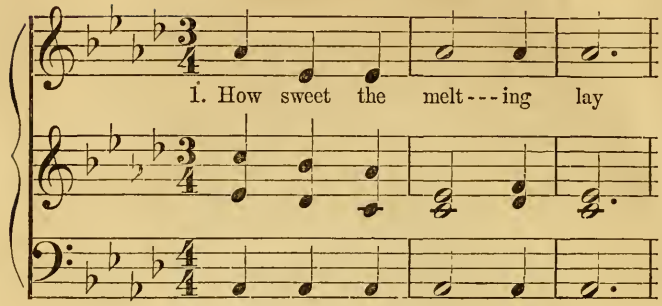
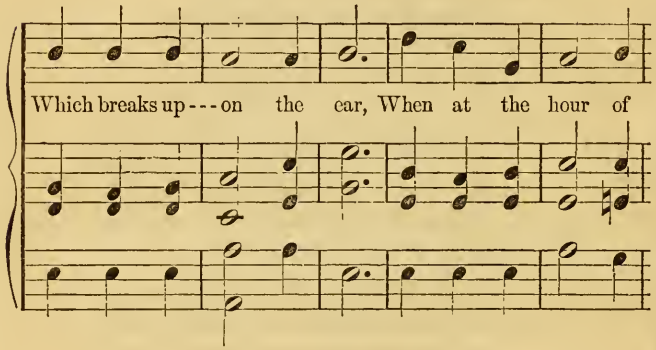
242. **Heavenly Aspirations.** 8s.

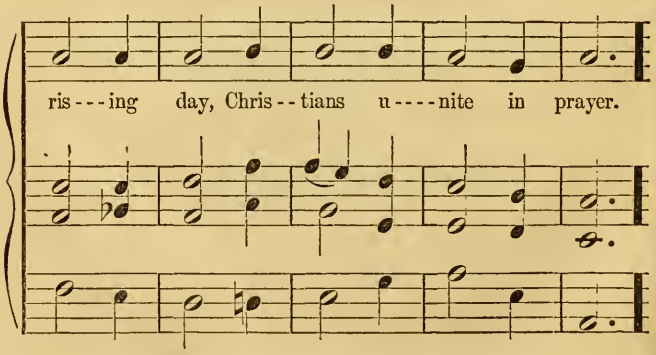
1. In darkness and sorrow I mourn,
   No comfort the world can afford;
   I sigh for thy gracious return;
   How long art thou absent, my Lord.

2. O Jesus, my Saviour and God,
   Now visit my desolate heart,
   And make it thy Spirit's abode,
   Life, comfort, and peace to impart.

## GREENWOOD. S. M. Root and Swentzer's Col.




250

# Social Worship.

2. The breezes waft their cries
   Up to Jehovah's throne;
   He listens to their heaving sighs,
   And sends his blessings down.

3. So Jesus rose to pray
   Before the morning light;
   Or on the chilling mount did stay
   And wrestle all the night.

4. Glory to God on high,
   Who sends his blessings down
   To rescue souls condemned to die,
   And make his people one.

MRS. PHEBE BROWN.

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244. **Importunate Prayer.** S. M.

1. Jesus, who knows full well
   The heart of every saint,
   Invites us all our griefs to tell,
   To pray, and never faint.

2. He bows his gracious ear—
   We never plead in vain;
   Then let us wait till he appear,
   And pray and pray again.

3. Though unbelief suggest,
   "Why should we longer wait?"
   He bids us never give him rest,
   But knock at mercy's gate.

4. Then let us earnest cry,
   And never faint in prayer;
   He sees, he hears, and from on high
   Will make our cause his care.

NEWTON.

## LAVATER. L. M.

PSALMISTA.

1. How sweet to leave the world a-while, And seek the pres-ence of our Lord: Dear Sav-iour, on thy peo--ple smile, Ac--cord--ing to thy faith-ful word.

2. From busy scenes we now retreat,
That we may here converse with thee:
O Lord, behold us at thy feet;
Let this the gate of heaven be.

3. "Chief of ten thousands," now appear,
That we, by faith, may view thy face;
Oh speak, that we thy voice may hear,
And let thy presence fill the place.

KELLY.

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246. **Love of Christ in the Heart.** L. M.

1. Come, dearest Lord, descend and dwell,
By faith and love, in every breast;
Then shall we know and taste and feel
The joys that cannot be expressed.

2. Come, fill our hearts with inward strength;
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the height and breadth and length
Of thine unmeasurable grace.

3. Now to the God whose power can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honors done
By all the church, through Christ his Son.

WATTS.

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247. **A Blessing Invoked.** L. M.

1. Indulgent God of love and power,
Be with us at this solemn hour:
Smile on our souls; our plans approve,
By which we seek to spread thy love.

2. Let each discordant thought be gone,
And love unite our hearts in one:
Let all we *have* and *are* combine
To forward objects so divine.

## ST. THOMAS. S. M.

A. WILLIAMS.

2d TREBLE.

1st TREBLE.

1. How charm-ing is the place Where
2. Here, on the mer--cy----seat, With
my Re---deem--er, God, Un--veils the beau-ties
ra---diant glo---ry crowned, Our joy--ful eyes be-
of his face, And sheds his love a---broad!
hold him sit, And smile on all a---round.

3. Give me, O Lord, a place
Within thy blest abode,
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of my God.

STENNETT.

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249. **Daily Devotion.** S. M.

1. Let sinners take their course,
And choose the road to death;
But in the worship of my God
I'll spend my daily breath.

2. My thoughts address his throne
When morning brings the light;
I seek his blessing every noon,
And pay my vows at night.

3. Thou wilt regard my cries,
O my eternal God,
While sinners perish in surprise
Beneath thine angry rod.

4. Because they dwell at ease,
And no sad changes feel;
They neither fear nor trust thy name,
Nor learn to do thy will.

5. But I with all my cares
Will lean upon the Lord;
I'll cast my burdens on his arm
And rest upon his word.

6. His arm shall well sustain
The children of his love;
The ground on which their safety stands
No earthly power can move.

WATTS.

## AHIRA. S. M. Root and Sweetzer's Col.

1. Be---hold, the morn-ing sun Be-

2. But where the gos--pel comes, It

gins his glo--rious way: His beams through all the

spreads di---vin---er light: It calls dead sin---ners

na---tions run, And life and light con--vey.

from their tombs, And gives the blind their sight.

3. I hear thy word with love,
   And I would fain obey:
   Send thy good Spirit from above,
   To guide me, lest I stray.

4. O, who can ever find
   The errors of his ways?
   Yet, with a bold presumptuous mind,
   I would not dare transgress.

5. Warn me of every sin;
   Forgive my secret faults;
   And cleanse this guilty soul of mine,
   Whose crimes exceed my thoughts.

6. While with my heart and tongue
   I spread thy praise abroad,
   Accept the worship and the song,
   My Saviour and my God.

WATTS.

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251. **Worship.** S. M.

1. Come, sound his praise abroad,
   And hymns of glory sing;
   Jehovah is the sovereign God,
   The universal King.

2. Come, worship at his throne,
   Come, bow before the Lord;
   We are his work, and not our own,
   He formed us by his word.

3. To-day attend his voice,
   Nor dare provoke his rod;
   Come like the people of his choice,
   And own your gracious God.

WATTS.

## STAFFORD. H. M.

1. Upward I lift mine eyes; From God is all my aid: The God that built the skies, And earth and nature made. God is the tower To which I fly; His grace is nigh In eve-ry hour.

252. God our Preserver. H. M.

1. Upward I lift mine eyes;
From God is all my aid;
The God that built the skies,
And earth and nature made:
God is the tower
To which I fly;
His grace is nigh
In every hour.

2. My feet shall never slide
And fall in fatal snares,
Since God, my guard and guide,
Defends me from my fears.
Those wakeful eyes,
That never sleep,
Shall Israel keep
When dangers rise.

3. No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of evening air
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there:
Thou art my sun,
And thou my shade,
To guard my head
By night or noon.

4. Hast thou not given thy word
To save my soul from death?
And I can trust my Lord
To keep my mortal breath:
I'll go and come,
Nor fear to die,
Till from on high
Thou call me home.

WATTS.

## MEDFIELD. C. M.

WM. MATHER.

1. When I can read my ti---tle clear To
man-sions in the skies, I bid fare--well to
eve---ry fear, And wipe my weep-ing eyes.

2. Should earth against my soul engage
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3. Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all,

4. There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

WATTS.

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254. Reliance on God. C. M.

1. Through all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

2. O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name;
When in distress to him I called,
He to my succor came.

3. O make but trial of his love—
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

4. Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you his service your delight,
He'll make your wants his care.

TATE.

## WARD. L. M. Bost. Acad. Col. By permission.

1. God is the ref--uge of his saints When
2. Let moun-tains from their seats be hurled Down

storms of sharp dis-tress in-vade; Ere we can of--fer
to the deep, and bur--ied there; Con-vul-sions shake the

our complaints, Be--hold him pres--ent with his aid.
sol--id world; Our faith shall nev---er yield to fear.

3. There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God;
Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

4. That sacred stream, thy holy word,
Our grief allays, our fear controls;
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

5. Zion enjoys her monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on his truth and armed with power.

WATTS.

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256. **Holiness and Grace.** L. M.

1. So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess,
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2. Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God,
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3. Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temperance, truth, and love,
Our inward piety approve.

4. Religion bears our spirits up
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

WATTS.

## EVANS. C. M.

HAVERGAL.
Arranged by L. MASON.

1. O thou, from whom all goodness flows, I
2. When, with an ach-ing, burdened heart, I
3. When tri--als sore ob-struct my way, And

lift my soul to thee; In all my sor-rows,
seek re---lief of thee, Thy par--don grant, new
ills I can--not flee, O let my strength be

con--flicts, woes, O Lord, re---mem-ber me.
peace im--part, O Lord, re---mem-ber me.
as my day, O Lord, re---mem-ber me.

4. If, for thy sake, upon my name
Reproach and shame shall be,
I'll hail reproach, and welcome shame:
O Lord, remember me.

5. When worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble body see;
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;
O Lord, remember me.

6. When in the solemn hour of death
I wait thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath,
O Lord, remember me.

7. And when before thy throne I stand,
And lift my soul to thee,
Then, with the saints at thy right hand,
O Lord, remember me.

HAWEIS.

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258. God present with his People. C. M.

1. The heaven of heavens cannot contain
The universal Lord;
Yet he in humble hearts will deign
To dwell and be adored.

2. Where'er ascends the sacrifice
Of fervent praise and prayer,
Or on the earth, or in the skies,
The God of heaven is there.

3. His presence is diffused abroad
Through realms and worlds unknown;
Who seek the mercies of our God
Are ever near his throne.

DRENNAN.

## PARAN. L. M.

KÜBLER.

MAESTOSO.

1. Now to the Lord a no---ble song! A-
wake, my soul, a--wake, my tongue; Ho-san-na to th'e-
ter---nal name, And all his bound-less love pro-claim.

259. **Grace and Glory in Christ.** L. M.

1. Now to the Lord a noble song!
Awake, my soul, awake, my tongue;
Hosanna to the eternal name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.

2. See where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of his grace;
God, in the person of his Son,
Has all his mightiest works outdone.

3. The spacious earth and spreading flood
Proclaim the wise and powerful God;
And thy rich glories from afar
Sparkle in every rolling star.

4. But in his looks a glory stands,
The noblest labor of thy hands:
The pleasing lustre of his eyes
Outshines the wonders of the skies.

5. Grace, 't is a sweet, a charming theme:
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name;
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound;
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground.

6. O may I live to reach the place
Where he unveils his lovely face,
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold.

WATTS.

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**Doxology.** L. M.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow:
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

## SILOAM. C. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. How sweet and aw---ful is the

2. While all our hearts and all our

place, With Christ with---in the doors; While ev---er-

songs Join to ad---mire the feast, Each of us

last--ing love dis-plays The choic-est of her stores.

cry, with thank-ful tongues, "Lord, why was I a guest?"

3. "Why was I made to hear thy voice
And enter while there's room,
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?"

4. 'T was the same love that spread the feast
That sweetly forced us in;
Else *we* had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin.

5. Pity the nations, O our God,
Constrain the earth to come;
Send thy victorious word abroad
And bring the strangers home.

WATTS.

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261. **Glorying in the Cross.** C. M.

1. Christ and his cross is all our theme;
The mysteries that we speak
Are scandal in the Jews' esteem,
And folly to the Greek.

2. But souls, enlightened from above,
With joy receive the word;
They see what wisdom, power, and love,
Shine in their dying Lord.

3. The vital savor of his name
Restores their fainting breath;
But unbelief perverts the same
To guilt, despair, and death.

4. Till God diffuse his graces down,
Like showers of heavenly rain,
In vain Apollos sows the ground,
And Paul may plant in vain.

WATTS.

## GREENVILLE. 8s, 7s, & 4s.

1. Sav--iour, vis--it thy plan-ta--tion; Grant us,

D. C. Lord, re---vive us, Lord, re--vive us; All our

Lord, a gra---cious rain! All will come to

help must come from thee.

D. C.

des--o----la---tion, Un--less thou re--turn a---gain;

D. C.

D. C.

2. Keep no longer at a distance;
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest, for want of thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.
Lord, revive us;
All our help must come from thee.

3. Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayers;
Let each one esteemed thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snares.
Lord, revive us;
All our help must come from thee.

4. Break the tempter's fatal power;
Turn the stony heart to flesh;
And begin from this good hour
To revive thy work afresh.
Lord, revive us;
All our help must come from thee.

NEWTON.

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263. Hope Encouraged. 8s, 7s & 4s.

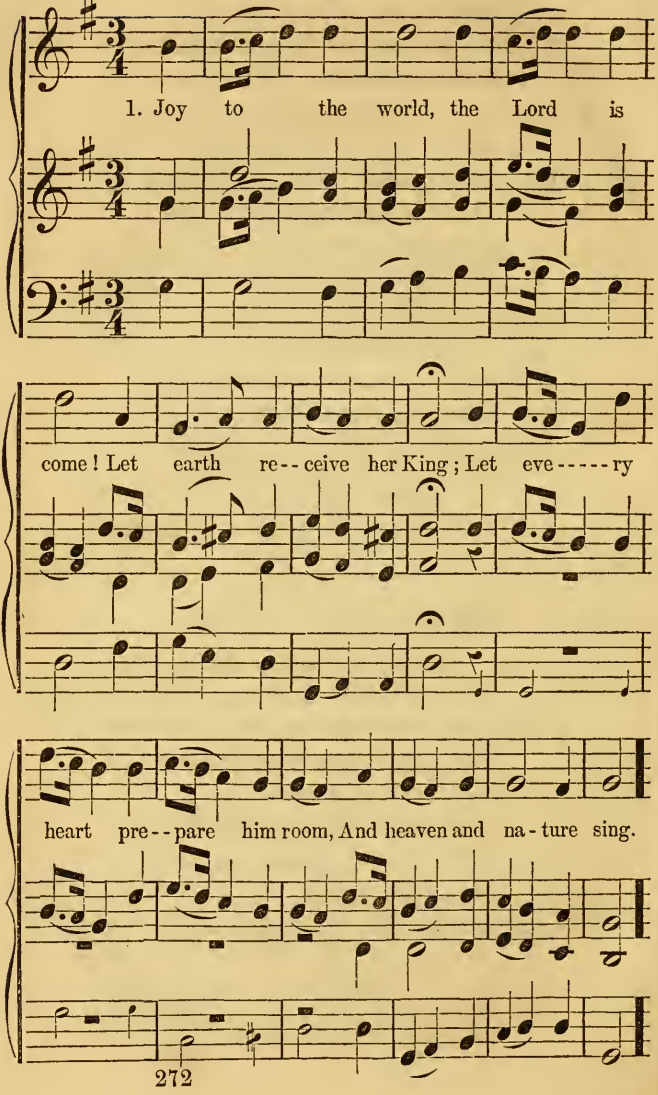
1. O my soul, what means this sadness?
Wherefore art thou thus cast down?
Let thy griefs be turned to gladness;
Bid thy restless fears be gone:
Look to Jesus,
And rejoice in his dear name.

2. Though distresses now attend thee,
And thou tread'st the thorny road,
His right hand shall still defend thee;
Soon he'll bring thee home to God!
Therefore praise him—
Praise the great Redeemer's name.

FAWCETT.

## HANOVER. C. M.

ENGLISH.



2. Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns!
   Let men their songs employ;
   While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
   Repeat the sounding joy.

3. No more let sins and sorrows grow,
   Nor thorns infest the ground:
   He comes to make his blessings flow
   Far as the curse is found.

4. He rules the world with truth and grace,
   And makes the nations prove
   The glories of his righteousness,
   And wonders of his love.

WATTS.

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265. **Salvation.** C. M.

1. Salvation, O the joyful sound!
   'T is pleasure to our ears;
   A sovereign balm for every wound,
   A cordial for our fears.

2. Buried in sorrow and in sin,
   At hell's dark door we lay;
   But we arise, by grace divine,
   To see a heavenly day.

3. Salvation! let the echo fly
   The spacious earth around;
   While all the armies of the sky,
   Conspire to raise the sound.

WATTS.

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**Doxology.**

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

## BERLIN. L. M.

HASTINGS.

1. Je--sus, we bow be--fore thy throne, We lift our eyes to seek thy face: To bleed-ing hearts thy love make known, On con--trite souls be--stow thy grace.

## Spread of the Gospel.

2. See, spread beneath thy gracious eye,
A world o'erwhelmed in guilt and tears;
Where deathless souls in ruin lie,
And no kind voice dispels their fears.

3. Lord, arm thy truth with power divine,
Its conquests spread from shore to shore,
Till suns and stars forget to shine,
And earth and skies shall be no more.

4. O rise, ye ransomed captives, rise,
Peal the loud anthem here below;
Let earth reflect it to the skies,
And heaven with new-born rapture glow.

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### 267. Concert of Prayer. L. M.

1 Thy people, Lord, who trust thy word,
And wait the smilings of thy face,
Assemble round thy mercy-seat,
And plead the promise of thy grace.

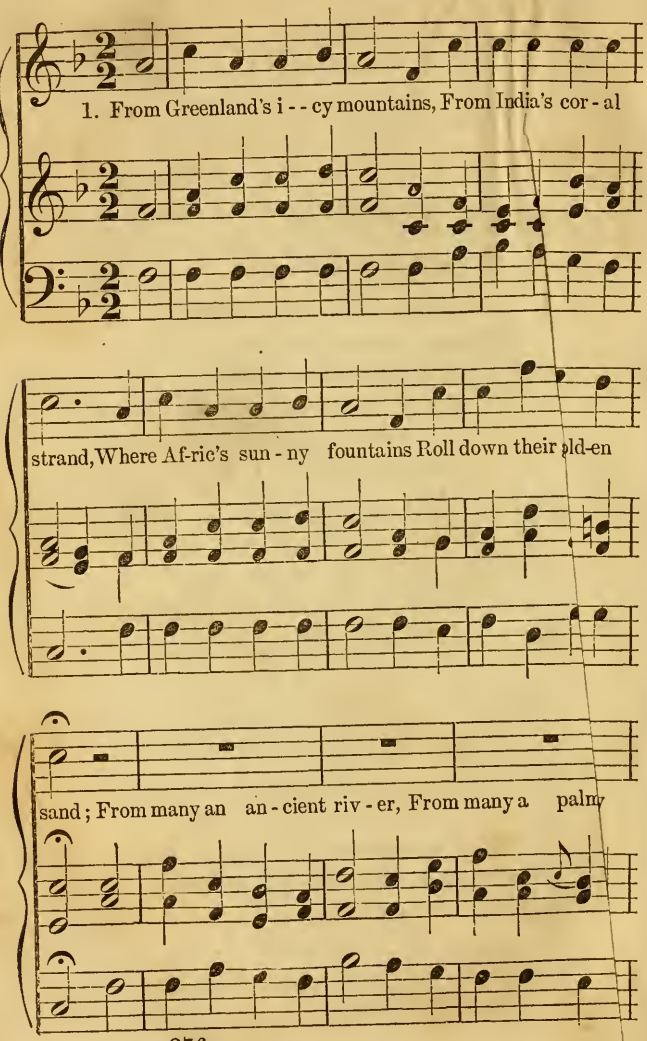
2 We consecrate these hours to thee,
Thy sovereign mercy to entreat;
And feel some animating hope
We shall divine acceptance meet.

3. Hast thou not promised to thy Son,
That his dominion shall extend
Till every tongue shall call him Lord,
And every knee before him bend?

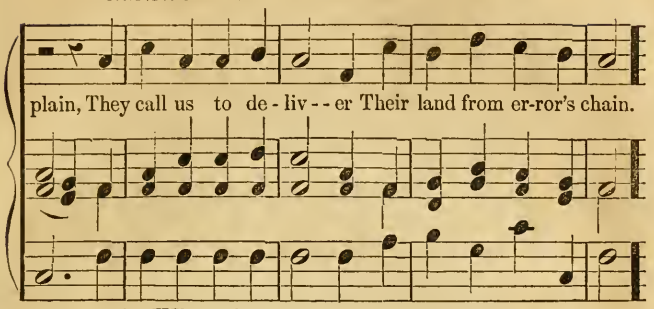
4. Now let the happy time appear,
The time to favor Zion come;
Send forth thy heralds far and near,
To call thy banished people home.

## MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s, PECULIAR.

L. MASON.



## MISSIONARY HYMN—CONTINUED.




2. What though the spicy breezes
   Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
   Though every prospect pleases,
   And only man is vile:
   In vain with lavish kindness
   The gifts of God are strown;
   The heathen, in his blindness,
   Bows down to wood and stone.

3. Shall we, whose souls are lighted
   With wisdom from on high—
   Shall we, to men benighted,
   The lamp of life deny?
   Salvation! O, salvation!
   The joyful sound proclaim,
   Till earth's remotest nation
   Has learned Messiah's name.

4. Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
   And you, ye waters, roll,
   Till like a sea of glory,
   It spreads from pole to pole;
   Till o'er our ransomed nature
   The Lamb, for sinners slain,
   Redeemer, King, Creator,
   In bliss returns to reign.

BISHOP HEBER.

## SALSBURGH. 8s, 7s, & 4s.

From the German.

1. { O'er the gloom-y hills of darkness, Cheered by
Sun of Righteous-ness, a---ris--ing, Bring the

no ce--les--tial ray; } Send the gos-pel, Send the
bright, the glo-rious day: }

gos---pel To the earth's re--mot---est bounds.

2. Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
And from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night;
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

3. Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel;
Win and conquer, never cease:
May thy lasting, wide dominions
Multiply and still increase:
Sway thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around.

---

270. The Promised Spirit. 8s, 7s, & 4s.

1. Who but thou, Almighty Spirit,
Can the heathen world reclaim?
Men may preach, but till thou favor,
Heathens will be still the same:
Mighty Spirit,
Witness to the Saviour's name.

2. Thou hast promised by the prophets
Glorious light in latter days:
Come, and bless bewildered nations,
Change our prayers and tears to praise;
Promised Spirit,
Round the world diffuse thy rays.

3. All our hopes and prayers and labors
Must be vain without thine aid:
But thou wilt not disappoint us—
All is true that thou hast said.
Faithful Spirit,
O'er the world thy influence shed.

## LITCHFIELD. C. M.

L. MASON.

1. Great God, the na-tions of the earth Are
2. But, Lord, thy great-er love has sent Thy
3. Lord, when shall these glad tid-ings spread The

by cre----a---tion thine; And in thy works, by
Gos-pel to man-kind; Un---veil--ing what rich
spa-cious earth a--round, Till eve---ry tribe and

all be---held, Thy ra---diant glo-----ries shine.
stores of grace Are treas-ured in thy mind.
eve---ry soul Shall hear the joy---ful sound?

4. O when shall Afric's sable sons
Enjoy the heavenly word;
And vassals, long enslaved, become
The freemen of the Lord?

5. Smile, Lord, on each divine attempt
To spread the Gospel's rays;
And build, on sin's demolished throne,
The temples of thy praise.

GIBBONS.

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272. Charity. C. M.

1. Father of mercies, send thy grace
All-powerful from above,
To form in our obedient souls
The image of thy love.

2. O may our sympathizing breasts
That generous pleasure know,
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe.

3. When the most helpless sons of grief
In low distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.

4. So Jesus looked on dying men,
When throned above the skies;
And midst the embraces of thy love
He felt compassion rise.

5. On wings of love the Saviour flew,
To raise us from the ground;
And gave the richest of his blood
A balm for every wound.

DODDRIDGE.

## CLAYTONVILLE. S. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. I love thy king--dom, Lord, The house of thine a---bode, The church our blest Re-deem--er saved With his own pre---cious blood.

2. If e'er to bless thy sons
My voice or hands deny,
These hands let useful skill forsake,
This voice in silence die.

3. If e'er my heart forget
Her welfare or her woe,
Let every joy this heart forsake
And every grief o'erflow.

4. For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

DWIGHT.

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274. **Diffusion of the Gospel.** S. M.

1. O Lord our God arise,
The cause of truth maintain,
And wide o'er all the peopled world
Extend her blessed reign.

2. Thou Prince of life, arise,
Nor let thy glory cease;
Far spread the conquest of thy grace,
And bless the earth with peace.

3. Spirit of grace arise,
Extend thy healing wing,
And o'er a dark and ruined world
Let light and order spring.

4. Let all on earth arise,
To God the Saviour sing;
From shore to shore, from earth to heaven,
Let echoing anthems ring.

## ROTHWELL. L. M.

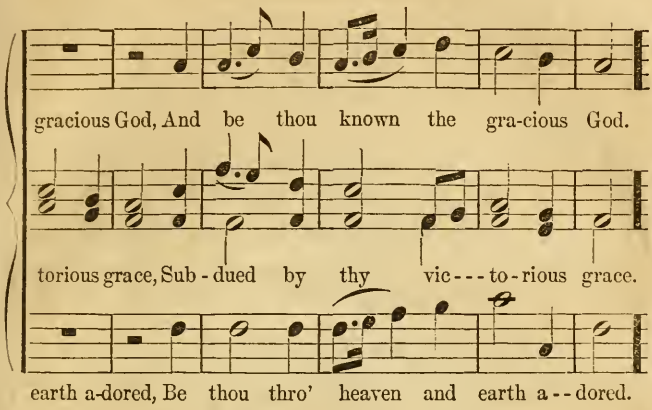
Arranged by L. Mason.

1. As-cend thy throne, Al---migh--ty King, And spread thy glo--ries all a--broad; Let thine own hum--ble mourn-ers seek thy face; Bring dar--ing come the king-doms of the Lord; Let saints and arm sal--va---tion bring, And be thou known the reb--els to thy feet, Sub-dued by thy vic-an--gels praise thy name; Be thou thro' heaven and

2. Let mill-ions bow be---fore thy seat; Let

3. Oh, let the king-doms of the world Be-

ROTHWELL—CONTINUED.




## 276. Kingdom of Christ. L. M.

1. Great God, whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey,
Now give the kingdom to thy Son;
Extend his power, exalt his throne.

2. As rain on meadows newly mown,
So shall he send his influence down;
His grace on fainting souls distils,
Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.

3. The heathen lands, that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death,
Revive at his first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.

4. The saints shall flourish in his days,
Dressed in the robes of joy and praise;
Peace, like a river, from his throne
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

WATTS.

## MIGDOL. L. M.

L. MASON.

1. Sovereign of worlds! display thy power; Be this thy

2. Set up thy throne where Satan reigns; On Af - - ric's

Zi - - - on's fa - - - vored hour: Bid the bright morning star a-

shore, on In - - - dia's plains; On heathen wilds, on lands un-

rise, And point the na - - - tions to the skies.

known, And take the na - - - tions for thine own.

3. Speak, and the world shall hear thy voice;
Speak, and the desert shall rejoice;
Scatter the gloom of heathen night,
And bid all nations hail the light.

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278. **Jesus shall Reign.** L. M.

1. Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journies run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2. For him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3. People and realms of every tongue,
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

4. Blessings abound where'er he reigns:
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains:
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

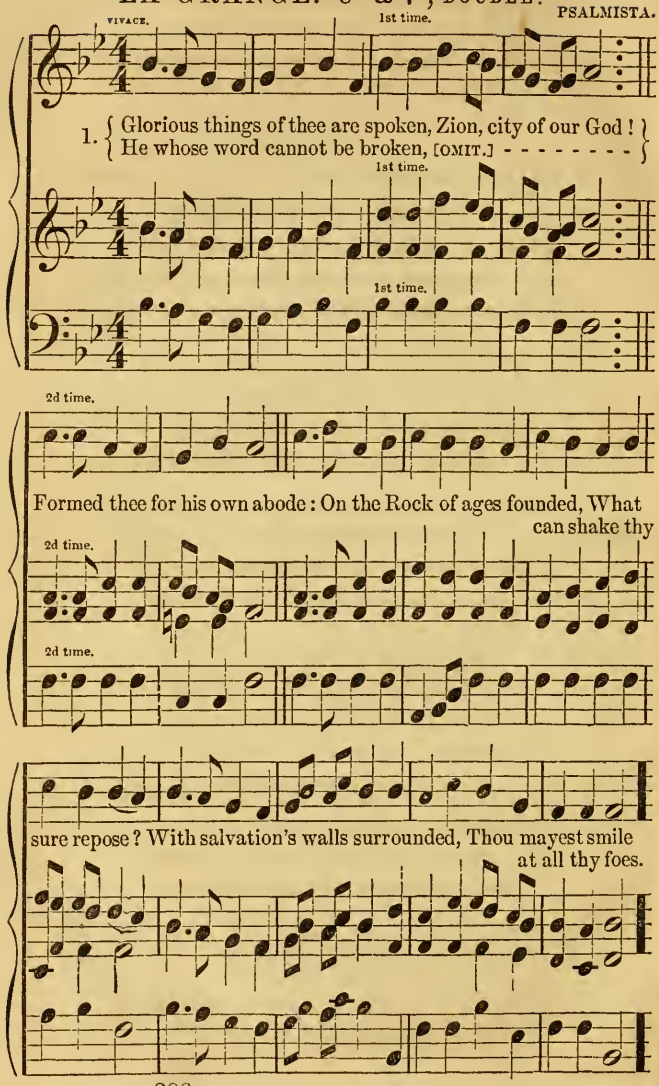
5. Where he displays his healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more;
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

6. Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

WATTS.

## LA GRANGE. 8s & 7s, DOUBLE.

PSALMISTA.



2. See the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage?
Grace which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3. Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near.
Thus deriving from their banner,
Light by night and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which he gives them when they pray.

NEWTON.

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280. **Zion Comforted.** 8s & 7s.

1. Zion, dreary and in anguish,
In the desert hast thou strayed;
O, thou weary, cease to languish,
Jesus shall lift up thy head.
Still lamenting and bemoaning
Mid thy follies and thy woes;
Soon repenting and returning,
All thy solitude shall close.

2. Though benighted and forsaken,
Though afflicted and distressed,
His almighty arm shall waken;
Zion's King shall give thee rest.
Cease thy sadness, unbelieving;
Soon his glory shalt thou see:
Joy and gladness, and thanksgiving,
And the voice of melody.

## SOUTHERLAND. H. M.

ALLEGRO. W. B. BRADBURY.

1. { O Zi--on, tune thy voice, And lift thy hands on
{ Tell all the earth thy joys, And shout sal-va-tion

high; } Cheer-ful in God, a---rise and
nigh: }

shine, While rays di---vine stream all a--broad.

2. He gilds thy mourning face
With beams that cannot fade,
His all-resplendent grace
He pours around thy head.
The nations round thy form shall view,
With lustre new divinely crowned.

3. In honor to his name
Reflect that sacred light,
And loud that grace proclaim
Which makes the darkness bright:
Pursue his praise till sovereign love,
In worlds above, thy glory raise.

4. There, on his holy hill,
A brighter sun shall rise,
And with his radiance fill
Those fairer, purer skies;
While round his throne ten thousand stars,
In nobler spheres, his influence own.

DODDRIDGE.

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282. **Increase of the Church.** H. M.

1. Rise, gracious God, and shine
In all thy saving might;
And prosper each design
To spread thy glorious light;
Let healing streams of mercy flow,
That all the earth thy truth may know.

2. Put forth thy glorious power;
The nations then will see,
And earth present her store
In converts born of thee.
God, our own God, his church will bless,
And earth shall yield her full increase.

## WEBB. 7s & 6s, PECULIAR. G. J. WEBB.

VIVACE.

1. As flows the rapid river, With channel broad and free, Its

waters rippling ever, And hasting to the sea;
So life is onward flowing, And

days of offered peace, And man is swiftly going
Where calls of mercy cease.

2. As moons are ever waning,
   As hastes the sun away,
   As stormy winds, complaining,
   Bring on the wintry day,
   So fast the night comes o'er us—
   The darkness of the grave;
   And death is just before us:
   God takes the life he gave.

3. Say, hath thy heart its treasure
   Laid up in worlds above?
   And is it all thy pleasure
   Thy God to praise and love?
   Beware, lest death's dark river
   Its billows o'er thee roll,
   And thou lament for ever
   The ruin of thy soul.

S. F. SMITH.

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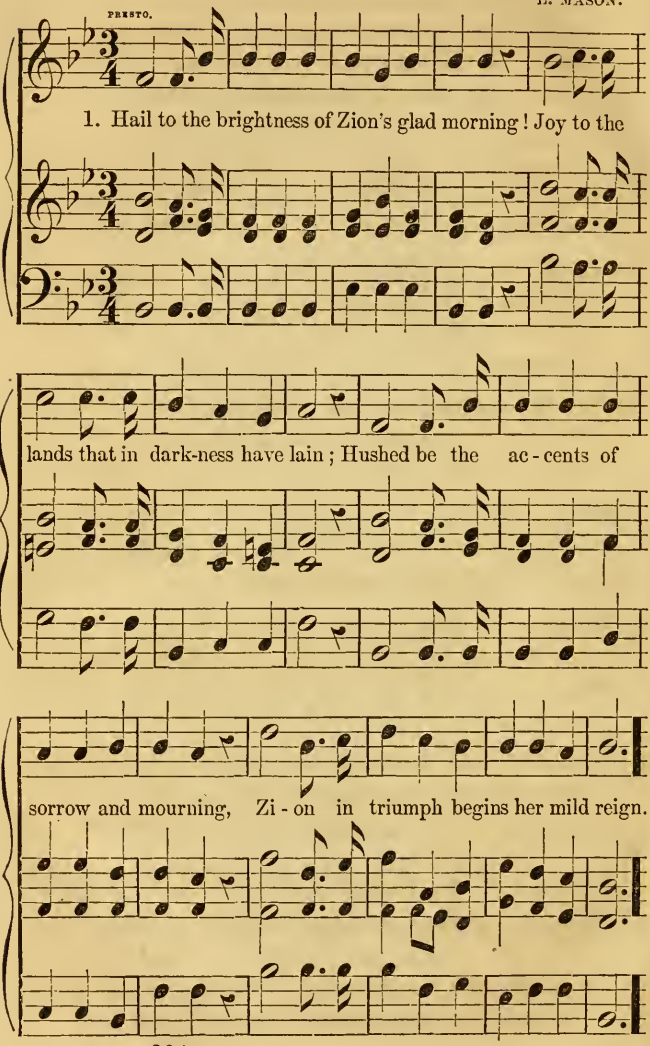
284. Reign of Christ on Earth. 7s & 6s.

1. When shall the voice of singing
   Flow joyfully along,
   When hill and valley ringing
   With one triumphant song,
   Proclaim the contest ended,
   And Him who once was slain,
   Again to earth descended,
   In righteousness to reign?

2. Then from the lofty mountains
   The sacred shout shall fly,
   And shady vales and fountains
   Shall echo the reply;
   High tower and lowly dwelling
   Shall send the chorus round,
   All "hallelujah" swelling
   In one eternal sound.

## "HAIL TO THE BRIGHTNESS." 11s & 10s.

L. MASON.



285. **Dawn of the Millennium.** 11s.

1. Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning!
   Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain;
   Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning,
   Zion in triumph begins her mild reign.

2. Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
   Long by the prophets of Israel foretold;
   Hail to the millions from bondage returning,
   Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.

3. Lo, in the desert rich flowers are springing,
   Streams ever copious are gliding along;
   Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing,
   Wastes rise in verdure and mingle in song.

4. See from all lands—from the isles of the ocean,
   Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
   Fallen are the engines of war and commotion,
   Shouts of salvation are rending the air.

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286. **The Church Triumphant.** 11s.

1. Daughter of Zion, awake from thy sadness;
   Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more:
   Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of gladness.
   Arise, for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.

2. Strong were thy foes, but the arm that subdued them,
   And scattered their legions, was mightier far;
   They fled, like the chaff, from the scourge that pursued them;
   Vain were their steeds and their chariots of war.

3. Daughter of Zion, the power that hath saved thee,
   Extolled with the harp and the timbrel should be;
   Shout! for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee,
   Th' oppressor is vanquished, and Zion is free.

## HOREB. 7s & 6s, PECULIAR.

2d TREBLE. ALLEGRO. WOLFF.

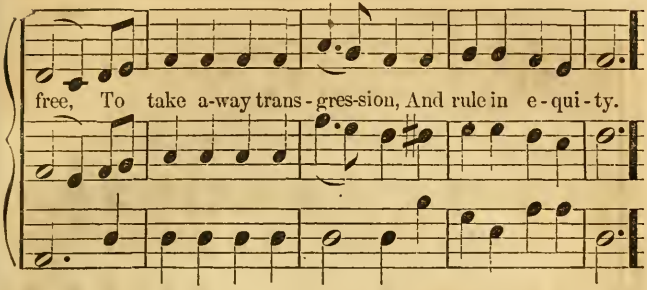
1. Hail to the Lord's Anoint-ed, Great David's greater

1st TREBLE.

Son; Hail, in the time ap--point-ed, His reign on earth be-

gun! He comes to break op-pres-sion, To set the cap-tive

HOREB—CONTINUED.




1. Hail to the Lord's anointed,
   Great David's greater Son;
   Hail, in the time appointed,
   His reign on earth begun!
   He comes to break oppression,
   To set the captive free;
   To take away transgression,
   And rule in equity.

2. He comes with succor speedy
   To those who suffer wrong;
   To help the poor and needy,
   And bid the weak be strong;
   To give them songs for sighing,
   Their darkness turn to light,
   Whose souls, condemned and dying,
   Were precious in his sight.

3. For him shall prayer unceasing
   And daily vows ascend;
   His kingdom still increasing,
   A kingdom without end:
   The tide of time shall never
   His covenant remove;
   His name shall stand for ever,
   That name to us is LOVE. MONTGOMERY.

## ZION. 8s, 7s, & 4s.

HASTINGS.

1. { On the mountain's top ap--pear-ing, Lo, the
Joy-ful news to Zi--on bear-ing, Zi--on

2. { Has thy night been long and mournful? Have thy
Have thy foes been proud and scorn-ful, By thy

sa-cred herald stands, } Mourning captive, God himself will loose thy
long in hostile lands: }

friends unfaithful proved? } Cease thy mourning; Zion still is well be-
sighs and tears unmoved? }

bands, Mourning cap-tive, God him--self will loose thy bands.

loved, Cease thy mourning; Zi--on still is well be-loved.

3. God, thy God, will soon restore thee;
He himself appears thy friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee,
Here their boasts and triumphs end:
Great deliverance
Zion's King will surely send.

4. Peace and joy shall now attend thee,
All thy warfare now be past;
God thy Saviour will defend thee,
Victory is thine at last:
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

KELLY.

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**289.** Missionary's Farewell. 8s, 7s, & 4s.

1. Yes, my native land, I love thee;
All thy scenes, I love them well:
Friends, connections, happy country,
Can I bid you all farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

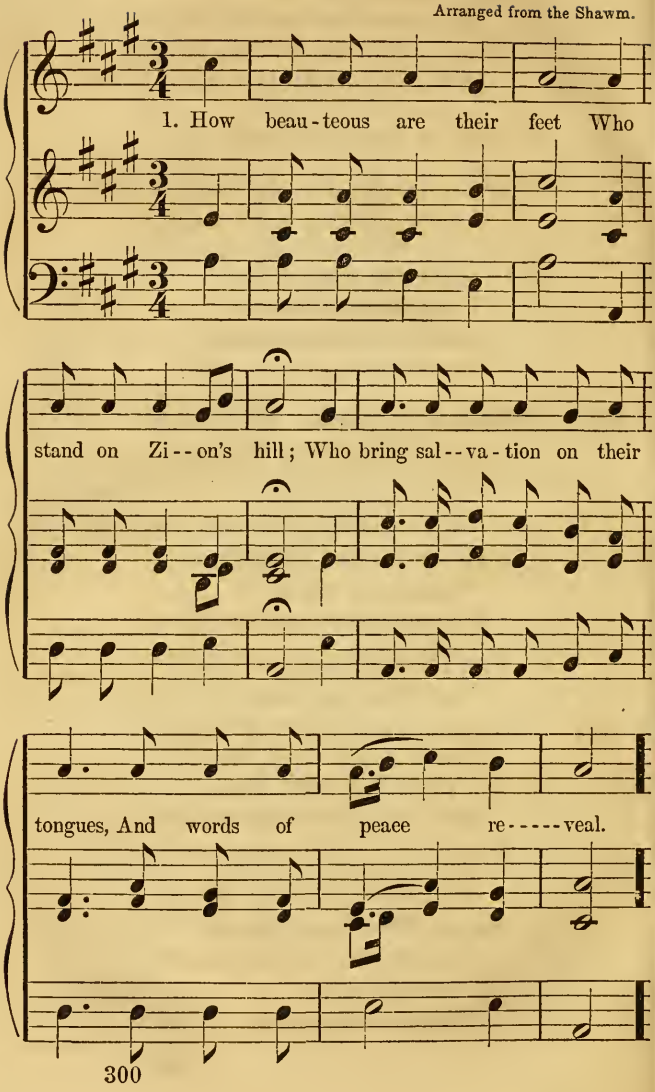
2. Yes, I hasten from you gladly,
From the scenes I loved so well—
Far away, ye billows, bear me;
Lovely native land, farewell!
Pleased I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

3. In the desert let me labor,
On the mountains let me tell
How he died—the blessed Saviour—
To redeem a world from hell!
Let me hasten
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

S. F. SMITH.

## HONEYWELL. S. M.

Arranged from the Shawm.



2. How charming is their voice,
   How sweet the tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King;
   He reigns and triumphs here."

3. How happy are our ears,
   That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
   And sought, but never found.

4. How blessed are our eyes,
   That see this heavenly light;
Prophets and kings desired it long,
   But died without the sight.

5. The watchmen join their voice,
   And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
   And deserts learn the joy.

6. The Lord makes bare his arm
   Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
   Their Saviour and their God.

WATTS.

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291. **Praise from all Nations.** S. M.

1. Thy name, almighty Lord,
   Shall sound through distant lands:
Great is thy grace and sure thy word;
   Thy truth for ever stands.

2. Far be thine honor spread,
   And long thy praise endure,
Till morning light and evening shade
   Shall be exchanged no more.

WATTS.

## BLOOMFIELD CHANT. L. M.

STACCATO. By permission, from the Shawm. W. B. B.

1. Ye Christian he - roes, go proclaim Sal - va - tion

thro' Immanuel's name ; To barren climes the tidings bear,
And plant the

*p*

rose of Sha-ron there, And plant the rose of Sha-ron there.

*p*

*p*

2. He'll shield you with a wall of fire,
With flaming zeal your breasts inspire,
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And hush the tempest into peace.

3. And when our labors all are o'er,
Then we shall meet to part no more;
Meet, with the blood-bought throng to fall
And crown our Jesus Lord of all.

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293. Prayer for Zion's Increase. L. M.

1. Arm of the Lord, awake, awake!
Put on thy strength—the nations shake;
And let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.

2. Say to the heathen from thy throne,
"I am Jehovah—God alone:"
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

3. No more let human blood be spilt—
Vain sacrifice for human guilt;
But to each conscience be applied
The blood that flowed from Jesus' side.

4. Let Zion's time of favor come;
O bring the tribes of Israel home;
And let our wondering eyes behold
Gentiles and Jews in Christ's one fold.

5. Almighty God, thy grace proclaim
In every land of every name;
Let adverse powers before thee fall,
And crown the Saviour, LORD OF ALL.

## COLCHESTER. C. M.

1. Ear--ly, my God, with-out de---lay, I haste to seek thy face; My thirst---y spir---it faints a---way, With--out thy cheer--ing grace.

## The Lord's Day.

2. So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
   Beneath a burning sky,
   Long for a cooling stream at hand,
   And they must drink or die.

3. I've seen thy glory and thy power
   Through all thy temple shine;
   My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
   That vision so divine.

WATTS.

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295. **Lord's Day Morning.** C. M.

1. Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear
   My voice ascending high;
   To thee will I direct my prayer,
   To thee lift up mine eye:

2. Up to the hills where Christ is gone,
   To plead for all his saints,
   Presenting at his Father's throne
   Our songs and our complaints.

3. Thou art a God, before whose sight
   The wicked shall not stand;
   Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
   Nor dwell at thy right hand.

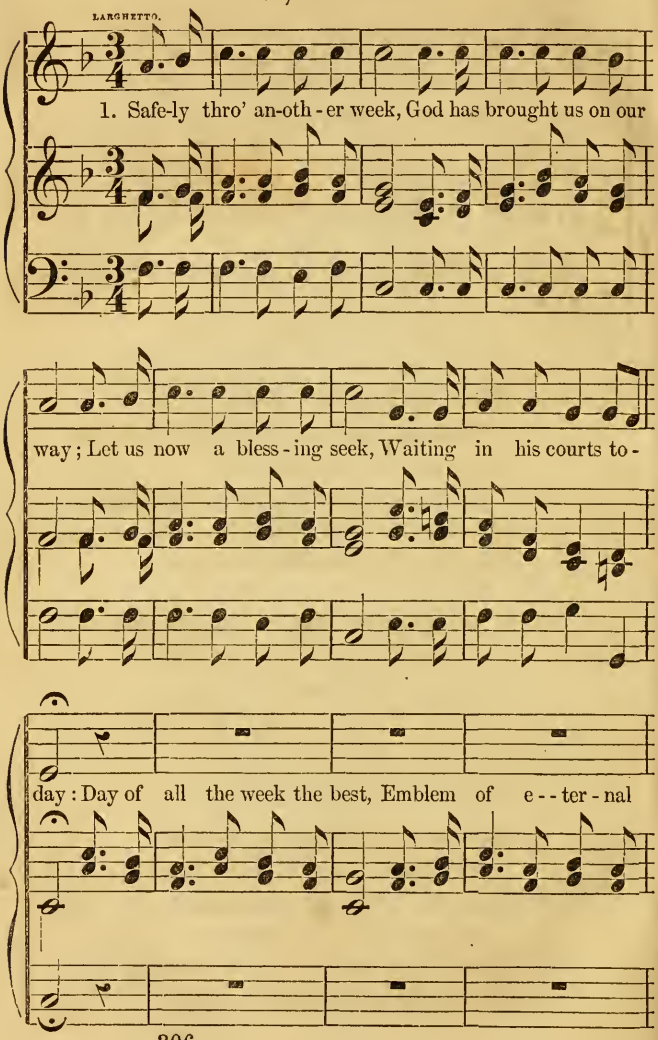
4. But to thy house will I resort,
   To taste thy mercies there;
   I will frequent thy holy court,
   And worship in thy fear.

5. O may thy Spirit guide my feet
   In ways of righteousness;
   Make every path of duty straight,
   And plain before my face.

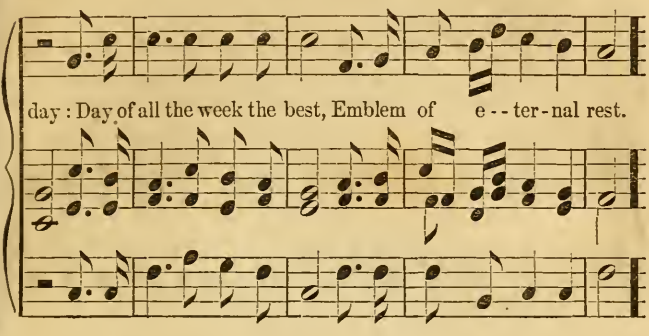
WATTS.

## "SAFELY THROUGH ANOTHER WEEK."

7s, 6 LINES. L. MASON.



## "SAFELY THROUGH ANOTHER WEEK"—
CONTINUED.




2. While we seek supplies of grace,
   Through the dear Redeemer's name,
   Show thy reconciled face;
   Take away our sin and shame:
   From our worldly care set free,
   May we rest this day in thee.

3. When we meet, thy name to praise,
   Let us feel thy presence near:
   May thy glory meet our eyes
   While we in thy house appear;
   There afford us, Lord, a taste
   Of our everlasting feast.

4. May the gospel's joyful sound
   Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
   Make the fruits of grace abound;
   Bring relief from all complaints:
   Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
   Till we join the church above.

NEWTON.

## SAXONY. 7s & 6s. Chants Crétiens.

1. { The morning light is breaking; The darkness dis-ap-
The sons of earth are wak-ing To pen-i-ten-tial

pears; tears: } Each breeze that sweeps the ocean Brings tidings from a-

far Of nations in com-mo-tion, Prepared for Zi-on's war.

2. Rich dews of grace come o'er us
   In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us
   Are opening every hour:
Each cry, to heaven going,
   Abundant answers brings,
And heavenly gales are blowing,
   With peace upon their wings.

3. See heathen nations bending
   Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
   In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
   The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
   A nation in a day.

4. Blest river of salvation,
   Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
   Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
   Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
   Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

S. F. SMITH.

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## Doxology.

O Triune God, before thee
   Our inmost spirits bow;
We worship and adore thee,
   And pay our solemn vow:
In deep humiliation
   We hide our blushing face,
Ascribing our salvation
   To thy forgiving grace.

## "HOW CALM AND BEAUTIFUL." C. L. M.

HASTINGS.

1. How calm and beau--ti---ful the morn That gilds the sa-cred tomb, Where once the cru-ci-fied was borne, And your depart--ed Lord, "Be-hold the place—he is not there," The veiled in mid-night gloom! O weep no more the tomb is all un---barred: The gates of death were

2. Ye mourn-ing saints, dry eve---ry tear For

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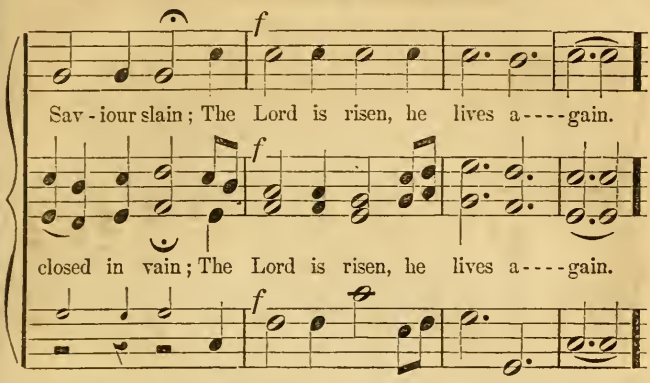
*p*

*p*

"HOW CALM AND BEAUTIFUL"—CONTINUED.




3. Now cheerful to the house of prayer
   Your early footsteps bend;
   The Saviour will himself be there,
   Your Advocate and Friend:
   Once by the law your hopes were slain,
   But now in Christ ye live again.

4. How tranquil now the rising day!
   'T is Jesus still appears,
   A risen Lord, to chase away
   Your unbelieving fears:
   O, weep no more your comforts slain,
   The Lord is risen—he lives again.

5. And when the shades of evening fall,
   When life's last hour draws nigh,
   If Jesus shines upon the soul,
   How blissful then to die!
   Since He has risen that once was slain,
   Ye die in Christ to live again.

## ANDREA. C. M. METRICAL CHANT.

Melody of the Reformers.

1. This is the day the Lord hath made, He
calls the hours his own; Let heaven re-joice, let earth be
glad, And praise sur---round the throne.

2 To--day he rose and left the dead, And
Sa-tan's em--pire fell; To--day the saints his triumphs
spread, And all his won----ders tell.

3. Ho--san-na to th' a-noint-ed King, To
Da-vid's ho--ly Son. Help us, O Lord; de-scend and
bring Sal-----va----tion from thy throne.

4. Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes in God his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

5. Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens in which he reigns
Shall give him nobler praise.

WATTS.

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300. Going to Church. C. M.

1. How did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
"In Zion let us all appear,
And keep the solemn day!"

2. Up to her courts, with joys unknown,
The holy tribes repair;
The Son of David holds his throne,
And sits in judgment there.

3. He hears our praises and complaints;
And while his awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble, and rejoice.

4. Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest.
With holy gifts and heavenly grace
Be her attendants blest.

5. My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains;
Here my best friends, my kindred dwell,
Here God my Saviour reigns.

WATTS.

## STOWE. H. M.

Arranged from an English Tune, by L. Mason.

1. Lord of the worlds a - bove, How pleasant and how

2. O hap - py souls, that pray Where God appoints to

fair The dwellings of thy love, Thine earthly temples are! To

hear! O hap - py men, that pay Their constant service there! They

thine a-bode my heart aspires, With warm de-sires to see my God!

praise thee still; and happy they That love the way to Zi-on's hill.

3. They go from strength to strength
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
O glorious seat, when God our King
Shall thither bring our willing feet!

4. To spend one sacred day
Where God and saints abide,
Affords diviner joy
Than thousand days beside:
Where God resorts, I love it more
To keep the door, than shine in courts.

WATTS.

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302 **Sabbath Morning.** H. M.

1. Welcome, delightful morn,
Thou day of sacred rest;
I hail thy kind return—
Lord, make these moments blest:
From the low train of mortal toys
I soar to reach immortal joys.

2. Now may the King descend,
And fill his throne of grace:
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face:
Let sinners feel thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3. Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless the sacred hours:
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be indulged in vain.

HAYWARD.

## TABOR. C. M.

HASTINGS.

1. Fre-quent the day of God re---turns To
shed its quicken-ing beams; And yet how slow de-
vo-----tion burns, How lan--guid are its flames.

2. Accept our faint attempts to love;
   Our frailties, Lord, forgive;
   We would be like thy saints above,
   And praise thee while we live.

3. Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
   And fit us to ascend
   Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
   The Sabbath ne'er shall end:

4. Where we shall breathe in heavenly air,
   With heavenly lustre shine;
   Before the throne of God appear,
   And feast on love divine.

BROWN.

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304. God Present in his Churches. C. M.

1. My soul, how lovely is the place
   To which thy God resorts!
   'T is heaven to see his smiling face,
   Though in his earthly courts.

2. To sit one day beneath thine eye
   And hear thy gracious voice,
   Exceeds a whole eternity
   Employed in carnal joys.

3. Lord, at thy threshold I would wait
   While Jesus is within,
   Rather than fill a throne of state,
   Or live in tents of sin.

4. Could I command the spacious land
   And the more boundless sea,
   For one blest hour at thy right hand
   I'd give them both away.

WATTS.

## ORFORD. L. M.

L. MASON.

2d TREBLE.

1st TREBLE.

1. How sweet the light of Sab--bath eve, How soft the sunbeams lingering there: For these blest hours the world I leave, Waft--ed on wings of praise and prayer.

2. The time how lovely and how still!
   Peace shines and smiles on all below;
   The plain, the stream, the wood, the hill,
   All fair with evening's setting glow.

3. Season of rest! the tranquil soul
   Feels the sweet calm, and melts to love;
   And while these sacred moments roll,
   Faith sees a smiling heaven above.

4. Nor will our days of toil be long,
   Our pilgrimage will soon be trod;
   And we shall join the ceaseless song,
   The endless Sabbath of our God.

EDMESTON.

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306. **The Divine Presence.** L. M.

1. Jesus, where'er thy people meet,
   There they behold thy mercy-seat;
   Where'er they seek thee, thou art found;
   And every place is hallowed ground.

2. Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few,
   Thy former mercies here renew;
   Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
   The sweetness of thy saving name.

3. Here may we prove the power of prayer,
   To strengthen faith and banish care;
   To teach our faint desires to rise
   To things unseen, beyond the skies.

4. Lord, we are few, but thou art near;
   Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear;
   O, rend the heavens this favored hour,
   Let thousands feel thy saving power.

COWPER.

## REPOSE. L. M.

COSTELLOW.

1. Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love; But there's a

2. No more fa-tigue, no more dis--tress, Nor sin, nor

3. No rude a-larms of rag-ing foes; No cares to

no--bler rest a-bove, To that our long-ing souls as-

death, shall reach the place; No groans shall min-gle with the

break the long re-pose; No mid-night shade, no cloud--ed

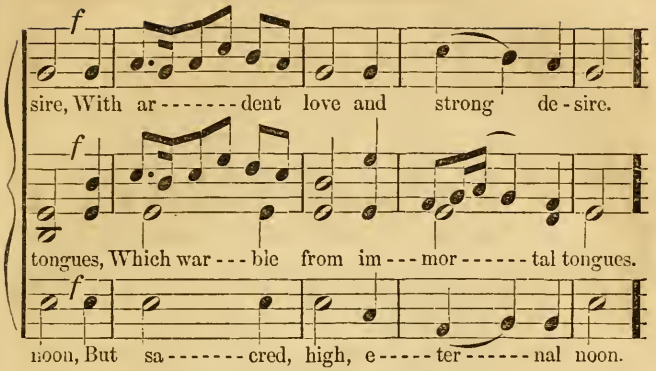
*p*

pire, With ar------dent love and strong de-

songs Which war------ble from im---mor-----tal

sun, But sa------cred, high, e----ter------nal

REPOSE—CONTINUED.




4. O long-expected day, begin,
Dawn on this world of woe and sin:
Fain would we leave this weary road,
To sleep in death, and rest in God. DODDRIDGE.

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308. The Sabbath. L. M.

1. Another six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God has blessed.

2. O that our thoughts and thanks may rise
As grateful incense to the skies;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose
Which none but he that feels it knows.

3. This heavenly calm within the breast
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4. In holy duties, let the day
In holy pleasures pass away;
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end. STENNETT.

## ROLLAND. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. Great God, at - - tend, while Zi - - on sings The joy that from thy presence springs;

2. Might I en - - - joy the mean - est place With- To spend one day with thee on earth, Ex- in thy house, O God of grace;

Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power, Should ceeds a thousand days of mirth, Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

tempt my feet to leave the door,

Should tempt my feet to leave the door.

3. All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

4. O God our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious host of heaven obey,
And devils at thy presence flee,
Blest is the man who trusts in thee.

WATTS.

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## 310. A Psalm for the Sabbath. L. M.

1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2. Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3. My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works and bless his word;
Thy works of grace how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels, how divine!

4. But I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

5. Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

WATTS.

## LISBON. S. M.

See Mason's Sac. Harp.

1. Wel--come, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a---rise; Wel-come to this re-viv--ing breast, And these re----joic---ing eyes.

2. The King himself comes near,
   And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
   And love, and praise, and pray.

3. One day amidst the place
   Where my dear God has been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
   Of pleasureable sin.

4. My willing soul would stay
   In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
   To everlasting bliss.

WATTS.

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312. **The Worship of the Sabbath.** S. M.

1. Sweet is the work, O Lord,
   Thy glorious name to sing;
To praise and pray, to hear thy word,
   And grateful offerings bring.

2. Sweet, on this day of rest,
   To join, in heart and voice,
With those who love and serve thee best,
   And in thy name rejoice.

3. To songs of praise and joy
   Be every Sabbath given,
That such may be our blest employ
   Eternally in heaven.

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**Doxology.**

Ye angels round the throne,
   And saints who dwell below,
Worship the Father, praise the Son,
   And bless the Spirit too.

## TRANQUILLITY. L. M.

English, arranged.

1. Great God, we sing thy mighty hand, By which sup-

port--ed still we stand: The open---ing year thy

mer----cy shows, Let mer-cy crown it till it close.

# Times and Seasons.

2. By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.

3. With grateful hearts the past we own:
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.

4. In scenes exalted or depressed,
Be thou our joy, and thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

5. When death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our helper, God, in whom we trust,
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

DODDRIDGE.

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## 314. Sanctified Afflictions. L. M.

1. Father, I bless thy gentle hand;
How kind was thy chastising rod,
That forced my conscience to a stand,
And brought my wandering soul to God.

2. Foolish and vain, I went astray
Ere I had felt thy scourges, Lord;
I left my guide, and lost my way;
But now I love and keep thy word.

3. 'T is good for me to wear the yoke,
For pride is apt to rise and swell;
'T is good to bear my Father's stroke,
That I might learn his statutes well.

WATTS.

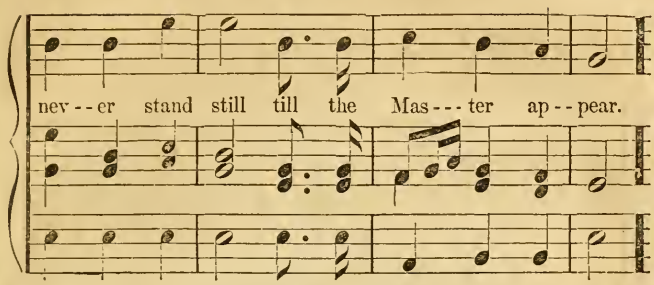
## GROTON. 5s & 11s.

1. Come, let us a----new Our

jour-ney pur--sue, Roll round with the year, And

nev-er stand still till the Mas-ter ap----pear, And

GROTON—CONTINUED.




1. Come, let us anew
Our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear:
His adorable will
Let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve
By the patience of hope and the labor of love.

2. Our life is a dream;
Our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away;
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay:
The arrow is flown,
The moment is gone,
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity 's here.

3. Oh, that each in the day
Of his coming may say,
"I have fought my way through,
I have finished the work thou didst give me to do:"
O that each from his Lord
May receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done;
Enter into my joy and sit down on my throne."

## JORDAN. C. M.

A. JONES.

1. To praise the ev - - - er - boun-teous Lord, My
2. His cov-enant with the earth he keeps; My
3. Well pleased the toil - - ing swains be - - hold The

soul, wake all thy powers; He calls, and at his
tongue, his good - ness sing; Sum - - mer and win - - ter
wav - ing yel - - low crop; With joy they bear the

voice come forth The smil - - ing har - - - vest hours.
know their time, His har - - vest crowns the spring.
sheaves a - - - way, And sow a - - - gain in hope.

4. Thus teach me, gracious God, to sow
The seed of righteousness;
Smile on my soul, and with thy beams
The ripening harvest bless.

RIPPON.

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317. For Mariners. C. M.

1. When o'er the mighty deep we rode,
By winds and storms assailed,
We called upon the ocean's God,
Whose mercy never failed.

2. The raging tempest heard thy voice,
The winds obeyed thy will;
The elements withheld their noise,
And all the floods were still.

3. With joy we hailed the distant shore,
And safe the vessel moored:
With grateful hearts, that happy hour,
We praised the ocean's Lord.

4. Thus, while o'er floods and seas we roam,
Thy goodness still we see;
Though distant from our native home,
We are not far from thee.

5. And when life's voyages are past,
And we are called to die,
Oh, may we see thy face at last,
In realms beyond the sky.

6. Then as we join th' ethereal bands
Beyond the swelling wave,
We'll praise thee with uplifted hands,
And sing thy power to save.

## WESLEY. 7s, DOUBLE. Manhattan Coll.

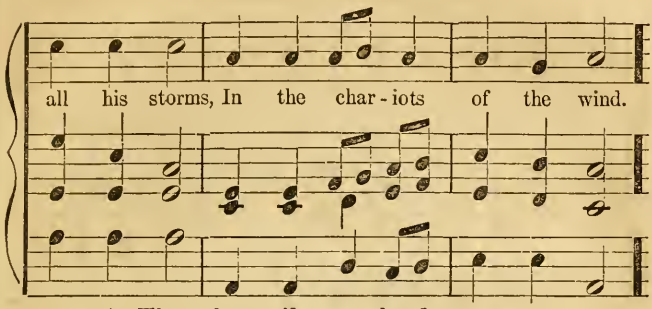
EXPRESSIVE.

1. { They that toil up--on the deep, And in ves-sels
O'er the migh-ty wa-ters sweep, With the bil-low

light and frail, } Mark what won--ders God per-forms,
and the gale, }

When he speaks, and, un--con--fined, Rush' to bat--tle

WESLEY—CONTINUED.




1. They that toil upon the deep,
   And in vessels light and frail
   O'er the mighty waters sweep,
   With the billow and the gale,
   Mark what wonders God performs,
   When he speaks, and, unconfined,
   Rush to battle all his storms
   In the chariots of the wind.

2. Up to heaven their bark is whirled
   On the mountain of the wave,
   Downward suddenly 't is hurled
   To th' abysses of the grave;
   Mid the tempest now they roll,
   As intoxicate with wine;
   Terrors paralyze their soul,
   Helm they quit and hope resign.

3. Then unto the Lord they cry:
   He inclines a gracious ear;
   Sends deliverance from on high,
   Rescues them from all their fear.
   O that men would praise the Lord
   For his goodness to their race,
   For the wonders of his word,
   And the riches of his grace. MONTGOMERY.

## SEAMAN. C. M.

HASTINGS.

1. Our lit---tle bark, on bois-terous seas, By

cru---el tem--pests tossed, With--out one cheer-ful

beam of hope, Ex--pect--ing to be lost—

2. We to the Lord, in humble prayer,
   Breathed out our sad distress;
   Though feeble, yet with contrite hearts,
   We begged return of peace.

3. Then ceased the stormy winds to blow;
   The surges ceased to roll;
   And soon again a placid sea
   Spoke comfort to the soul.

4. O may our grateful, trembling hearts
   Their hallelujahs sing
   To him who hath our lives preserved,
   Our Saviour and our King.

---

320. God's Wonders in the Deep. C. M.

1. Thy works of glory, mighty Lord,
   Who rul'st the boisterous sea,
   The sons of courage shall record,
   Who tempt the dangerous way.

2. At thy command the winds arise,
   And swell the towering waves:
   The men, astonished, mount the skies,
   And sink in gaping graves.

3. Then to the Lord they raise their cries,
   He hears the loud request:
   The winds are hushed, the tempest dies,
   The billows sink to rest.

4. O that the sons of men would praise
   The goodness of the Lord!
   Let those that see thy wondrous ways,
   Thy wondrous love record.

WATTS.

## DOWNS. C. M.

L. MASON.

1. Our souls, by love to--geth-er knit, Ce-
ment-ed, mixed in one: One hope, one heart, one
mind, one voice: 'Tis heaven on earth be----gun.

2. Our hearts have oft-en burned with-in, And
glowed with sa--cred fire, While Je---sus spoke, and
fed, and blessed, And filled th'en-larged de----sire.

3. The lit--tle cloud in--creas-es still, The
heavens are big with rain; We haste to catch the
teem-ing shower, and all its mois--ture drain.

4. A rill, a stream, a torrent flows!
   Lord, pour a mighty flood;
   Oh, sweep the nations, shake the earth,
   Till all proclaim thee God.

5. And when thou mak'st thy jewels up,
   And set'st thy starry crown;
   When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
   Proclaimed by thee thine own;

6. May we, a little band of love,
   We sinners, saved by grace,
   From glory unto glory changed,
   Behold thee face to face.

MILLER.

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322. God's Protection to Mariners. C. M.

1. How are thy servants blessed, O Lord,
   How sure is their defence;
   Eternal wisdom is their guide,
   Their help, Omnipotence.

2. In foreign realms and lands remote,
   Supported by thy care,
   Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
   And breathe in tainted air.

3. When by the dreadful tempest borne
   High on the broken wave,
   They know thou art not slow to hear,
   Nor impotent to save.

4. The storm is laid; the winds retire,
   Obedient to thy will;
   The sea, that roars at thy command,
   At thy command is still.

ADDISON.

## BADEN. L. M.

HASTINGS.

CHEERFULLY.

1. Kin-dred in Christ, for his dear sake, A hear-ty wel-come here re--ceive: May we to--geth--er now par-take The joys that he a---lone can give.

323. **Meeting of Christian Friends.** L. M.

1. Kindred in Christ, for his dear sake,
   A hearty welcome here receive:
   May we together now partake
   The joys that he alone can give.

2. May he, by whose kind care we meet,
   Send his good Spirit from above,
   Make our communications sweet,
   And cause our hearts to burn with love.

3. Forgotten be each earthly theme,
   When Christians see each other thus;
   We only wish to speak of HIM
   Who lived, and died, and reigns, for us.

4. We'll talk of all he did and said,
   And suffered for us here below;
   The path he marked for us to tread,
   And what he's doing for us now.

5. Thus, as the moments pass away,
   We'll love, and wonder, and adore—
   And hasten on the glorious day
   When we shall meet, to part no more.

NEWTON.

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324. **Parting.** L. M.

1. Come, Christian brethren, ere we part,
   Join every voice and every heart;
   One solemn hymn to God we raise,
   Our final song of grateful praise.

2. Christians, we here may meet no more;
   But there is yet a happier shore;
   And there, released from toil and pain,
   Dear brethren, we shall meet again.

H. K. WHITE.

## GOLDEN HILL. S. M.

Western Melody.
Bost. Acad. Coll. By permission.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our
2. Be----fore our Fa---ther's throne We

hearts in Chris-tian love; The fel----low-ship of
pour our ar--dent prayers; Our fears, our hopes, our

kin---dred minds Is like to that a--bove.
aims are one, Our com--forts, and our cares.

3. We share our mutual woes,
   Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
   The sympathizing tear.

4. When we asunder part,
   It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
   And hope to meet again.

5. This glorious hope revives
   Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
   And longs to see the day.

6. From sorrow, toil, and pain,
   And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
   Through all eternity.

WCETT.

---

326. **Mercy to the Faithful.** S. M.

1. To God, in whom I trust,
   I lift my heart and voice;
O, let me not be put to shame,
   Nor let my foes rejoice.

2. Thy mercies and thy love,
   O Lord, recall to mind;
And graciously continue still,
   As thou wert, ever kind.

3. His mercy and his truth
   The righteous Lord displays,
In bringing wandering sinners home,
   And teaching them his ways.

TATE AND BRADY.

## FAIRPORT. C. M.

MODERATO LEGATO.

A. F. W.
From the Choralist.

1. O Thou, who driest the mourn-er's tear, How dark this world would be, If, when by sor-rows wound-ed here, We could not fly to thee.

2. The friends who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.

3. Oh, who could bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come brightly wafting, through the gloom,
Our peace-branch from above?

4. Then sorrow, touched by thee, grows bright,
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

---

328. **Submission.** C. M.

1. O Lord, my best desires fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasures mine.

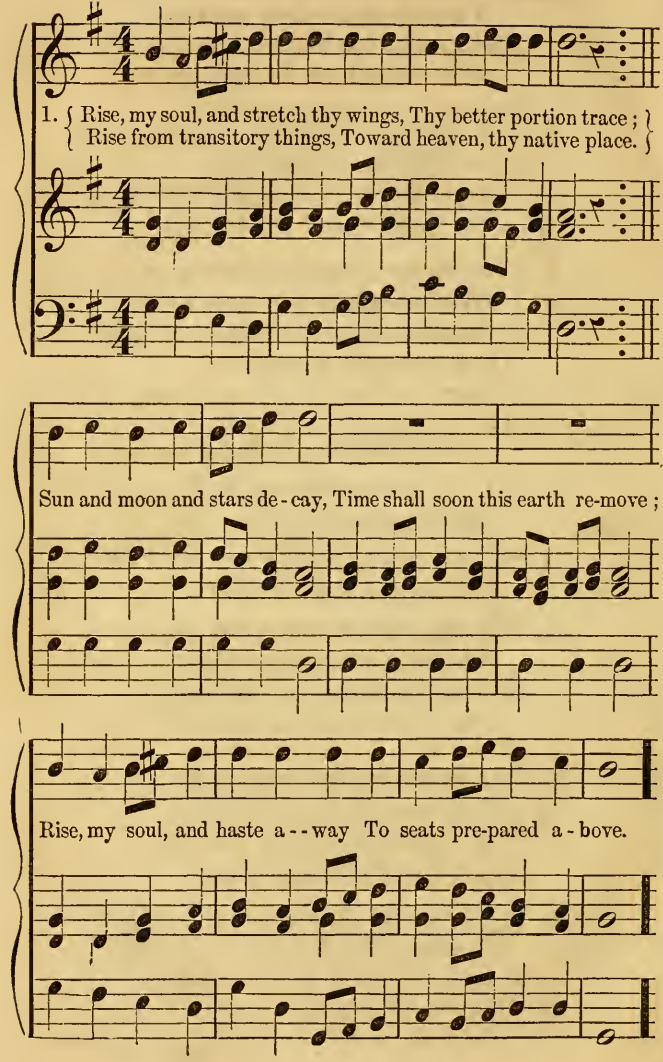
2. Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears?

3. No; let me rather freely yield
What most I prize, to thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold from me.

4. Thy favor, all my journey through,
Thou art engaged to grant;
What else I want, or think I do,
'T is better still to want.

COWPER.

## AMSTERDAM. 7s & 6s.



2. Rivers to the ocean run,
   Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending, seeks the sun,
   Both speed them to their source:
So a soul that's born of God,
   Pants to view his glorious face;
Upward tends to his abode,
   To rest in his embrace.

3. Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
   Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return,
   Triumphant in the skies.
Yet a season, and you know
   Happy entrance will be given;
All our sorrows left below,
   And earth exchanged for heaven.

CENNICK.

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330. Desiring to Depart. 7s & 6s.

1. Happy who in Jesus live;
   But happier far are they
Who to God their spirits give,
   And flee from earth away:
Yet, if so thy will ordain,
   We'll pursue this toilsome road,
Cheerful in the flesh remain,
   And meekly bear the load.

2. To thy wise and gracious will
   We quietly submit;
Waiting for redemption still,
   But waiting at thy feet:
When thou wilt the blessing give,
   Call us up thy face to see;
Only let thy servants live,
   And let us die—to thee.

C. WESLEY.

## FREDERICK. 11s.

KINGSLEY.
By permission.

1. I would not live al-way: I ask not to stay Where

2. I would not live al-way, thus fettered by sin; Temp-

storm after storm rises dark o'er the way; The few lurid mornings that

tation with-out and corruption within: E'en the rapture of pardon is

INST.

dawn on us here, Are enough for life's woes—full enough for its cheer.

mingled with fears, And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

VOC.

# Death and Eternity.

3. I would not live alway; no—welcome the tomb;
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom;
There, sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise,
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

4. Who, who would live alway, away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns:

5. Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet,
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

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## 332. Thou art Gone to the Grave. 11s.

1. Thou art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrow and darkness encompass the tomb:
The Saviour hath passed through its portals before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.

2. Thou art gone to the grave: we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee;
And sinners may hope, since the Saviour hath died.

3. Thou art gone to the grave: and its mansion forsaking,
Perchance thy weak spirit in doubt lingered long;
But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright on thy waking,
And the sound thou didst hear was the seraphim's song.

HEBER.

## ST. EDMONDS. L. M.

HAYDN.

TENDERLY.

1. The hour of my de---par-ture's come, I
2. The race ap--point--ed I have run, The
3. Not in mine in---no--cence I trust, I

hear the voice that calls me home; Now, O my God, let
conflict's o'er, the prize is won; And now my wit-ness
bow be--fore thee in the dust; And thro' my Saviour's

DIM. p

trou-bles cease, And let thy ser--vant die in peace.

DIM. p

is on high, My rec-ord is be--yond the sky.

DIM. p

blood a--lone, I look for mer--cy at thy throne.

4. I leave the world without a tear,
Save for the friends that linger here;
To heal their sorrows, Lord, descend,
And to the friendless prove a friend.

5. I come, I come, at thy command,
I give my spirit to thy hand:
Stretch forth thine everlasting arm,
And shield me in the last alarm.

---

334. Song of Gratitude and Praise. L. M.

1. God of my life, through all my days
I'll tune the grateful notes of praise;
The song shall wake with opening light,
And warble to the silent night.

2. When anxious care would break my rest,
And grief would tear my throbbing breast,
The notes of praise, ascending high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

3. When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all the powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

4. But O, when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chained to earth no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise,
To join the music of the skies!

5. Then shall I learn th' exalted strains
That echo through the heavenly plains,
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round thy throne.

DODDRIDGE.

## HAMBURGH. L. M.

Arranged from a Gregorian Chant, by L. Mason.

MOD. FIA.

1. How blest the righ - teous when he dies! When sinks a wea - - ry soul to rest! How mild - - ly beam the gale when storms are o'er; So gent - - ly shuts the clos - - ing eyes, How gent - ly heaves th' ex - pir - - ing breast!

2. So fades a sum - mer cloud a - - way; So sinks the eye of day; So dies the wave a - - long the shore.

3. A holy quiet reigns around,
   A calm which life nor death destroys;
   Nothing disturbs that peace profound
   Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

4. Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
   Where lights and shades alternate dwell!
   How bright th' unchanging morn appears!
   Farewell, inconstant world, farewell.

5. Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
   Light from its load the spirit flies,
   While heaven and earth combine to say,
   "How blest the righteous when he dies!"

BARBAULD.

---

336. **The Grave.** L. M.

1. The grave is now a favored spot
   To saints who sleep in Jesus blessed,
   For there the wicked trouble not,
   And there the weary are at rest:

2. At rest in Jesus' faithful arms;
   At rest, as in a peaceful bed;
   Secure from all the dreadful storms
   Which round this sinful world are spread.

3. Thrice happy souls, who 're gone before
   To that inheritance divine;
   They labor, sorrow, sigh no more,
   But bright in endless glory shine.

4. Then let our mournful tears be dry,
   Or in a gentle measure flow:
   We hail them happy in the sky,
   And joyful wait our call to go.

## CHINA. C. M.

1. Why do we mourn de--part---ing friends, Or shake at death's a-larms? 'Tis but the voice that fast as time can move? Nor would we wish the bod--ies to the tomb? There the dear flesh of Je---sus sends To call them to his arms.

2. Are we not tend--ing up---ward too, As hours more slow, To keep us from our love. Je---sus lay, And left a long per---fume.

3. Why should we trem--ble to con--vey Their

4. The graves of all the saints he blessed,
And softened every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?

5. Thence he arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way:
Up to the Lord his saints shall fly
At the great rising day.

WATTS.

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338. **Moment after Death.** C. M.

1. In vain my fancy strives to paint
The moment after death,
The glories that surround a saint
When yielding up his breath.

2. One gentle sigh his fetters breaks,
We scarce can say, "He 's gone!"
Before the willing spirit takes
Its mansion near the throne.

3. Faith strives, but all its efforts fail,
To trace the spirit's flight;
No eye can pierce within the veil
Which hides the world of light.

4. Thus much, and this is all, we know:
Saints are completely blest,
Have done with sin, and care, and woe,
And with their Saviour rest:

5. On harps of gold they praise his name,
His face they always view;
Then let us followers be of them,
That we may praise him too.

NEWTON.

## 'WHEN THE SPARK OF LIFE.'' 8s & 4s.

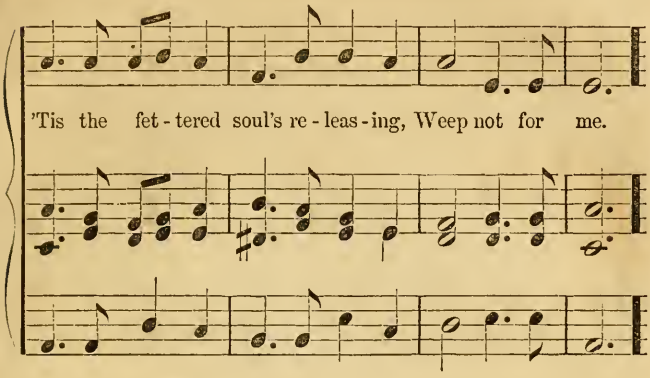
Welsh Air. Choir.

1. { When the spark of life is wan--ing,
{ When the lan--guid eye is stream-ing,

Weep not for me: } When the fee---ble
Weep not for me: }

pulse is ceas-ing, Start not at its swift de-creas-ing,

"WHEN THE SPARK OF LIFE"—CONTINUED.

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**339.** Weep not for Me. 8s & 4s.

1. When the spark of life is waning,
   Weep not for me:
   When the languid eye is streaming,
   Weep not for me:
   When the feeble pulse is ceasing,
   Start not at its swift decreasing,
   'T is the fettered soul's releasing,
   Weep not for me.

2. When the pangs of death assail me,
   Weep not for me:
   Christ is mine, he cannot fail me,
   Weep not for me:
   Yea, though sin and death endeavor
   From his love my soul to sever,
   Jesus is my strength for ever;
   Weep not for me.

## KÖNINGSBURGH. C. M.

Manhattan Coll.

LARGHETTO. 2d TREBLE.

1. Life is a span, a fleet-ing hour, How soon the va-por

1st TREBLE.

2. Death spreads his withering, wintry arms, And beauty smiles no

flies! Man is a ten--der, tran-sient flower, That

more; Ah! where are now those ris--ing charms, Which

e'en in bloom-ing dies, That e'en in blooming dies.

pleased our eyes be---fore? Which pleased our eyes be--fore?

3. That once-loved form, now cold and dead,
   Each mournful thought employs;
   And nature weeps her comforts fled,
   And withered all her joys.

4. Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
   When what we now deplore
   Shall rise in full immortal prime,
   And bloom to fade no more.

5. Cease then, fond nature, cease thy tears;
   The Saviour dwells on high:
   There everlasting spring appears,
   There joys shall never die.

STEELE.

---

341. Death of a Young Person. C. M.

1. When blooming youth is snatched away
   By death's resistless hand,
   Our hearts the mournful tribute pay
   Which pity must demand.

2. While pity prompts the rising sigh,
   Oh, may this truth, impressed
   With awful power, "I, too, must die,"
   Sink deep in every breast.

3. The voice of this alarming scene
   May every heart obey;
   Nor be the heavenly warning vain,
   Which calls to watch and pray.

4. Oh, let us fly, to Jesus fly,
   Whose powerful arm can save;
   Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
   And triumph o'er the grave.

STEELE.

## MAYSVILLE. 8s & 7s, DOUBLE.

GENTLY. CHERUBINI, arranged.

1. { Cease, ye mourn-ers, cease to lan-guish
Pain, and death, and night, and an-guish,

D. C. Glo--ry's bright-est beams are play-ing

O'er the grave of those ye love; } While in dark-ness
En-ter not the world a---bove: }

Round th' immortal spir--it's head.

D. C.

ye are stray-ing Lone-ly thro' life's deepening shade,

D. C.

D. C.

1. Cease, ye mourners, cease to languish
   O'er the grave of those ye love;
Pain and death and night and anguish
   Enter not the world above:
While in darkness ye are straying
   Lonely through life's deepening shade,
Glory's brightest beams are playing
   Round the immortal spirit's head.

2. Cease, ye mourners, cease to languish
   O'er the grave of those ye love:
Far removed from pain and anguish,
   They are chanting hymns of love;
Light and peace at once deriving
   From the hand of God most high;
In his glorious presence living,
   They shall never, never die.

COLLYER.

---

343. The Departing Saint. 8s & 7s.

1. Happy soul, thy days are ended,
   All thy mourning days below;
Go, by angel guards attended,
   To the sight of Jesus go!
Waiting to receive thy spirit,
   Lo! the Saviour stands above,
Shows the purchase of his merit,
   Reaches out the crown of love.

2. Struggle through thy latest passion
   To thy dear Redeemer's breast,
To his uttermost salvation,
   To his everlasting rest.
For the joy he sets before thee,
   Bear a momentary pain;
Die, to live the life of glory—
   Suffer, with the Lord to reign.

C. WESLEY.

## WINCHESTER. L. M.

1. Life is the time to serve the Lord, The time t' in-
2. Life is the hour that God has given T' es-cape from

sure the great re--ward; And while the lamp holds
hell and fly to heaven; The day of grace, and

out to burn, The vil--est sin---ner may re--turn.
mor-tals may Se--cure the bless--ings of the day.

3. The living know that they must die,
But all the dead forgotten lie;
Their memory and their sense is gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.

4. Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands with all your might pursue:
Since no device nor work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

5. There are no acts of pardon passed
In the cold grave to which we haste;
But darkness, death, and long despair
Reign in eternal silence there.

WATTS.

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## 345. Christ's Presence in Death. L. M.

1. Why should we start and fear to die?
What timorous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2. The pains, the groans, the dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

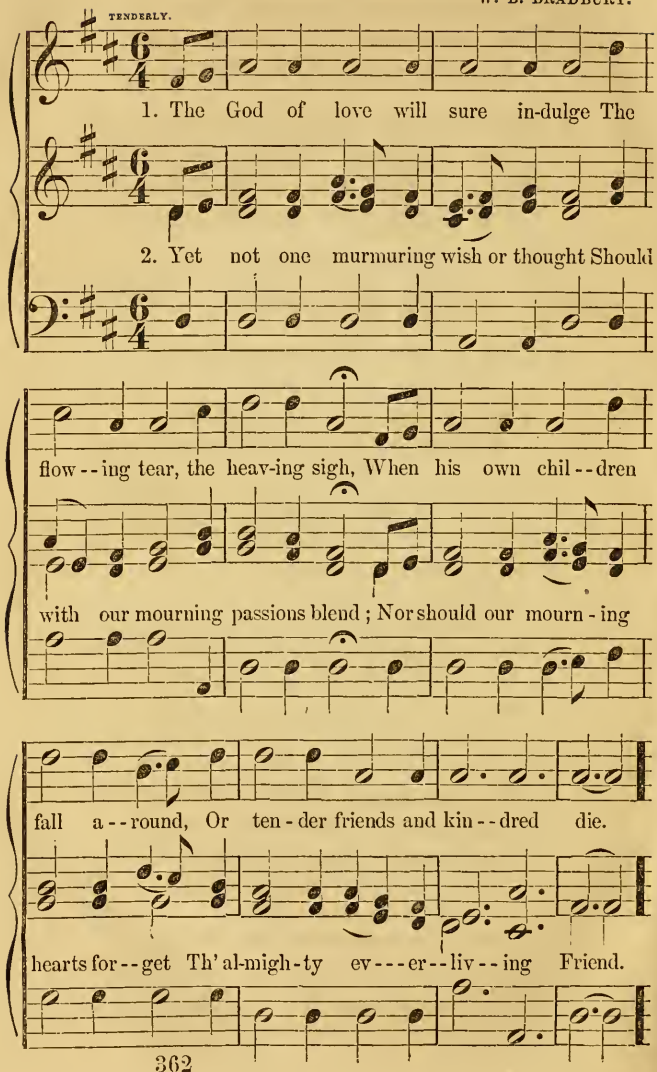
3. O, if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

4. Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

WATTS.

## WOODWORTH. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.



3. Beneath a numerous train of ills,
Our feeble flesh must shortly fail;
Yet shall our hope in thee our God,
O'er every gloomy fear prevail.

4. Our Father God, to thee we look,
Our Rock, our Portion, and our All;
Fixed on thy covenant love and truth,
Our sinking souls shall never fall.

SCOTT.

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347. Comfort amidst Sufferings. L. M.

1. Now let the Lord my Saviour smile,
And show my name upon his heart;
I would forget my pains awhile,
Soothed by the great Physician's art.

2. But O, it swells my sorrows high,
To see my blessed Saviour frown:
My spirits sink, my comforts die,
And all the springs of life are down.

3. Yet why, my soul, these sad complaints?
Still while he frowns his name is Love;
Still on his heart he bears his saints,
Their sorrows his compassion move.

4. Their names are printed on his breast,
The letters shall securely stand:
The characters have been impressed
By the eternal Father's hand.

5. Then let my minutes smoothly run,
While here I wait my Father's will;
His hand unseen shall lead me on,
Till I awake in heaven to dwell.

## REST. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. A - sleep in Je-sus! blessed sleep, From which none

2. A - sleep in Je - - sus! O, how sweet To be for

ev - - - er wakes to weep—A calm and un - - - dis - turbed re-

such a slum-ber meet! With ho - - ly con - - - fi - - dence to

pose, Un - - bro - - ken by the last of foes.

sing That death has lost his ven - - omed sting!

3. Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest:
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4. Asleep in Jesus! O, for me
May such a blissful refuge be:
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

5. Asleep in Jesus! time nor space
Affects this precious hiding-place:
On Indian plains or Lapland snows,
Believers find the same repose.

6. Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

MACKAY.

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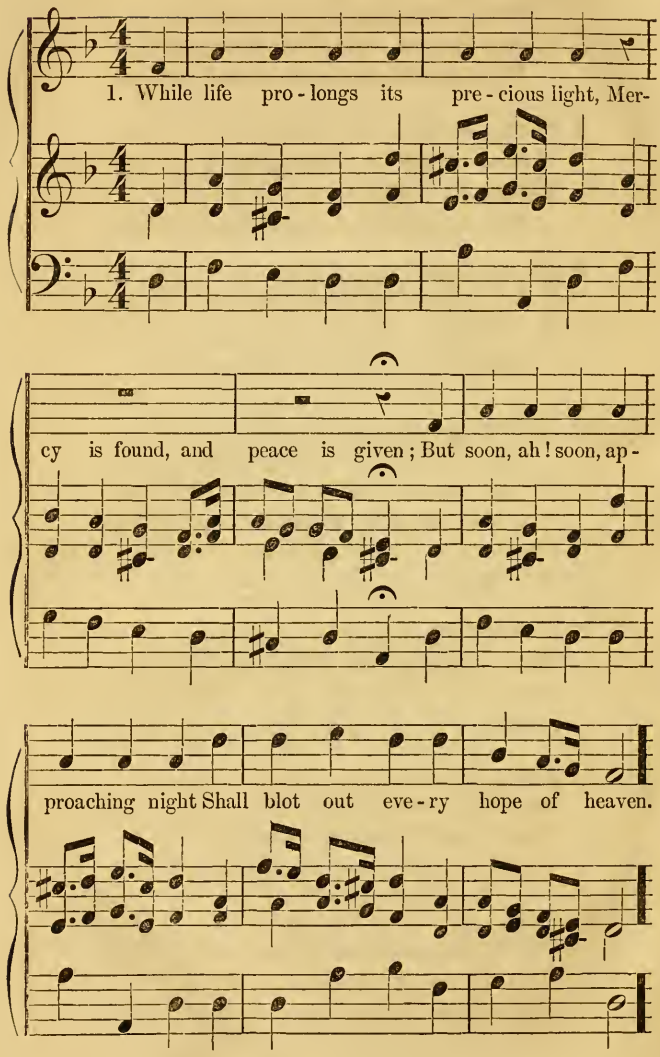
349. To the Dying Christian. L. M.

1. Go, spirit of the sainted dead,
Go to thy longed-for happy home:
The tears of man are o'er thee shed;
The voice of angels bids thee come.

2. If life be not in length of days,
In silvered locks, and furrowed brow,
But living to the Saviour's praise,
How few have lived so long as thou.

3. Though earth may boast one gem the less,
May not e'en heaven the richer be?
And myriads on thy footsteps press,
To share thy blest eternity.

## DECEASE. L. M. HASTINGS, 1831, revised.



2. While God invites, how blessed the day!
   How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
   Come, sinners, haste, Oh haste away,
   While yet a pardoning God is found.

3. Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
   Shall death command you to the grave;
   Before his bar your spirits bring,
   And none be found to hear or save.

4. In that lone land of deep despair,
   No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise;
   No God regard your bitter prayer,
   Nor Saviour call you to the skies.

DWIGHT.

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351. **Sufficiency of Grace.** L. M.

1. In vain my roving thoughts would find
   A portion worthy of the mind;
   On earth my soul can never rest,
   For earth can never make me blest.

2. Can lasting happiness be found
   Where seasons roll their hasty round,
   And days and hours, with rapid flight,
   Sweep cares and pleasures out of sight?

3. Arise, my thoughts; my heart, arise;
   Leave this vain world, and seek the skies;
   There purest joys for ever last,
   When seasons, days, and hours, are past.

4. Come, Lord, thy powerful grace impart;
   Thy grace can raise my wandering heart
   To pleasure, perfect and sublime,
   Unmeasured by the wing of time.

STEELE.

## DOOMSDAY. S. M.

WOOD.

1. I saw, be-yond the tomb, The aw--ful Judge ap-

pear, Pre--pared to scan, with strict ac--count, My

bless-ings wast-ed here, My bless-ings wast-ed here.

2. His wrath, like flaming fire,
   Burned to the lowest hell;
And in that hopeless world of woe
   He bade my spirit dwell.

3. Ye sinners, fear the Lord,
   While yet 't is called to-day;
Soon will the awful voice of death
   Command your souls away:

4. Soon will the harvest close—
   The summer soon be o'er;
And soon your injured, angry God
   Will hear your prayers no more.

DWIGHT.

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353. The Approaching Judgment. S. M.

1. How will my heart endure
   The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven, before the Judge,
   Astonished, shrink away!

2. But ere that trumpet shakes
   The mansions of the dead,
Hark! from the gospel's cheering sound
   What joyful tidings spread!

3. Ye sinners, seek his grace,
   Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
   And find salvation there.

4. So shall that curse remove,
   By which the Saviour bled;
And the last awful day shall pour
   His blessings on your head.

DODDRIDGE.

## TRIBUNAL. C. M.

WITH DEEP EMOTION. GERMAN.

1. That aw---ful day will sure---ly come, Th' appoint-ed hour makes haste, When I must stand be--fore my Judge, And pass the sol-emn test.

2. Thou love---ly Chief of all my joys, Thou Sove-reign of my heart, How could I bear to hear thy voice Pro-nounce the sound, "De-part!"

DIM. DIM. DIM.

3. What, to be banished for my life,
   And yet forbid to die!
   To linger in eternal pain,
   Yet death for ever fly!

4. Oh, wretched state of deep despair;
   To see my God remove,
   And fix my doleful station where
   I must not taste his love!

5. O, tell me that my worthless name
   Is graven on thy hands;
   Show me some promise in thy book,
   Where my salvation stands.

WATTS.

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355. **Frailty of Life.** C. M.

1. Thee we adore, Eternal Name,
   And humbly own to thee
   How feeble is our mortal frame,
   What dying worms are we.

2. Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
   As months and days increase;
   And every beating pulse we tell,
   Leaves but the number less.

3. The year rolls round, and steals away
   The breath that first it gave;
   Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
   We 're travelling to the grave.

4. Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense
   To walk this dangerous road;
   And if our souls are hurried hence,
   May they be found with God.

WATTS.

## MERIBAH. L. C. M.

L. MASON.

1. When Thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come, To take thy ransomed peo-ple home, Shall I a-mong them stand?

Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am a-fraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?

2. I love to meet thy people now,
Before thy feet with them to bow,
Though vilest of them all;
But—can I bear the piercing thought?—
What if my name should be left out,
When thou for them shalt call?

3. O Lord, prevent it by thy grace:
Be thou my only hiding-place,
In this th' accepted day;
Thy pardoning voice O let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4. And when the final trump shall sound,
Among thy saints let me be found,
To bow before thy face:
Then in triumphant strains I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With praise of sovereign grace.

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357. The Beatific Vision. C. P. M.

1. Beyond the bounds of time and space
Look forward to that heavenly place,
The saints' secure abode;
On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.

2. We suffer with our Master here—
But shall before his face appear,
And by his side sit down:
To patient faith the prize is sure;
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.

C. WESLEY.

## HELMSLEY. 8s, 7s, & 4s.

English Tune,
Scotch Melody.

1. { Lo! he comes, with clouds de--scend-ing,
Thou-sand thou-sand saints at---tend-ing

2. { Eve-ry eye shall now be--hold him
Those who set at naught and sold him,

Once for fa-vored sin--ners slain! }
Swell the tri-umph of his train; } Hal---le--lu-jah!

Robed in dreadful maj--es----ty; }
Pierced and nailed him to the tree, } Deep--ly wail-ing,

Hal-le--lu-jah! Hal--le--lu-jah! Je-sus now shall ev-er reign.

deep-ly wail-ing, deep-ly wail-ing, Shall the great Messiah see.

3. Every island, sea, and mountain,
Heaven and earth shall flee away;
All who hate him must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day:
Come to judgment!
Come to judgment, come away!

4. Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear;
All his saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air!
Hallelujah,
See the day of God appear.

OLIVER.

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**359.** The Sinner in Judgment. 8s, 7s, & 4s.

1. See the eternal Judge descending,
View him seated on his throne;
Now, poor sinner, now lamenting,
Stand and hear thy awful doom
Trumpets call thee!
Stand and hear thy awful doom.

2. Hear the cries he now is venting,
Filled with dread of fiercer pain,
While in anguish thus lamenting
That he ne'er was born again:
Greatly mourning
That he ne'er was born again:

3. "Yonder sits my slighted Saviour,
With the marks of dying love;
Oh, that I had sought his favor,
When I felt his Spirit move—
Golden moments,
When I felt his Spirit move."

## SHEFFIELD. S. M.

HASTINGS.

EXPRESSIVELY.

1. O where shall rest be found—
2. The world can nev----er give

Rest for the wea-ry soul? 'T were vain the o--cean's
The bliss for which we sigh; 'T is not the whole of

depths to sound, Or pierce to ei-----ther pole.
life to live, Nor all of death to die.

3. Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.

4. There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath:
O what eternal horrors hang
Around "the second death!"

5. Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from thy face,
And evermore undone.

MONTGOMERY.

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361. **Frailty of Life.** S. M.

1. Lord, what a feeble piece
Is this our mortal frame!
Our life, how poor a trifle 't is,
That scarce deserves the name.

2. Our moments fly apace,
Nor will our minutes stay;
Just like a flood our hasty days
Are sweeping us away.

3. Well, if our days must fly,
We 'll keep their end in sight;
We 'll spend them all in wisdom's way,
And let them speed their flight.

4. They 'll waft us sooner o'er
This life's tempestuous sea;
Soon we shall reach the peaceful shore
Of blest eternity.

WATTS.

## "HEAR WHAT THE VOICE." C. M.

STANLEY.

1. Hear what the voice from heaven proclaims, For
2. They die in Je--sus and are blest; How
3. Far from this world of toil and strife, They're

all the pi---ous dead, For all the pi---ous
kind their slum-bers are, How kind their slum-bers
pres--ent with the Lord, They're pres--ent with the

dead! Sweet is the sa--vor of their names, And
are! From suffer-ing and from sin re--leased, And
Lord: The la---bors of their mor--tal life End

## "HEAR WHAT THE VOICE"—CONTINUED.

*p*

soft their sleep - ing bed, And soft, And

*p*

freed from eve - - ry snare, And freed, And

in a large re - - - ward, re - - - - - - - ward, re -

1st and 2d stanzas.

soft, And soft their sleep - - ing bed.

freed, And freed from eve - - - ry snare.

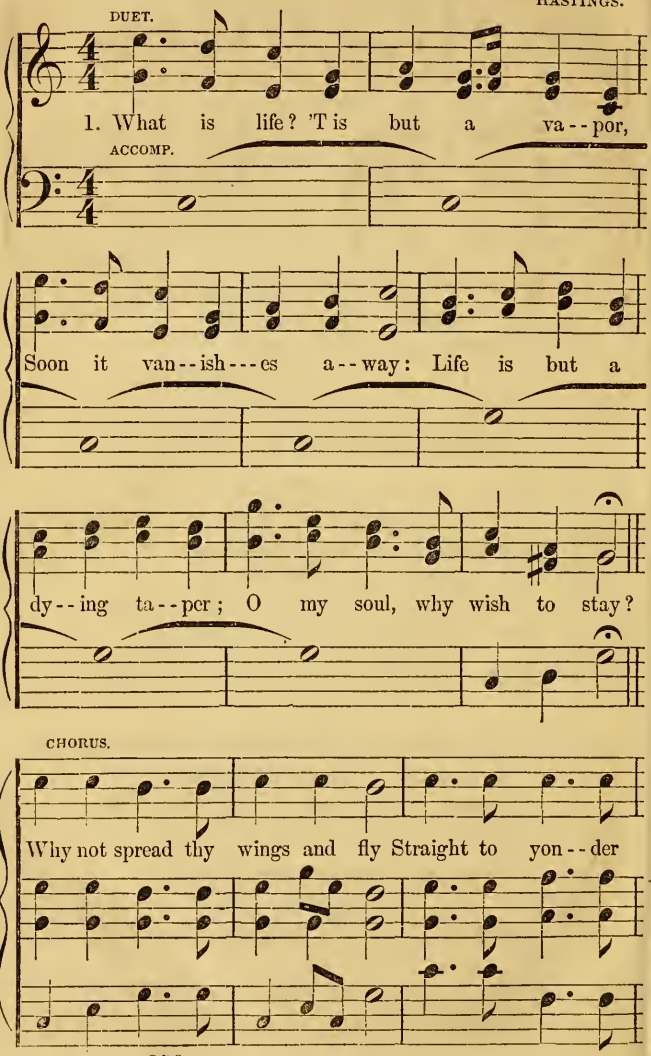
ward,

3d stanza.

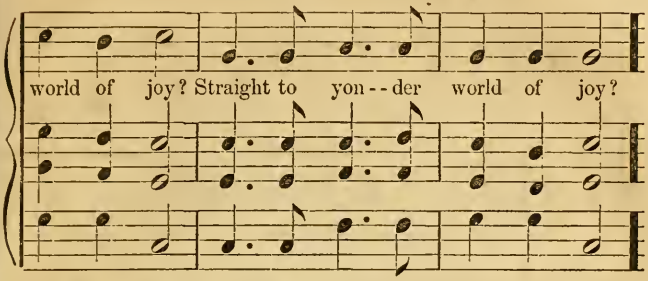
End, end in a large re - - - ward.

## "WHAT IS LIFE?" 8s & 7s, 6 LINES.

HASTINGS.



"WHAT IS LIFE?"—CONTINUED.



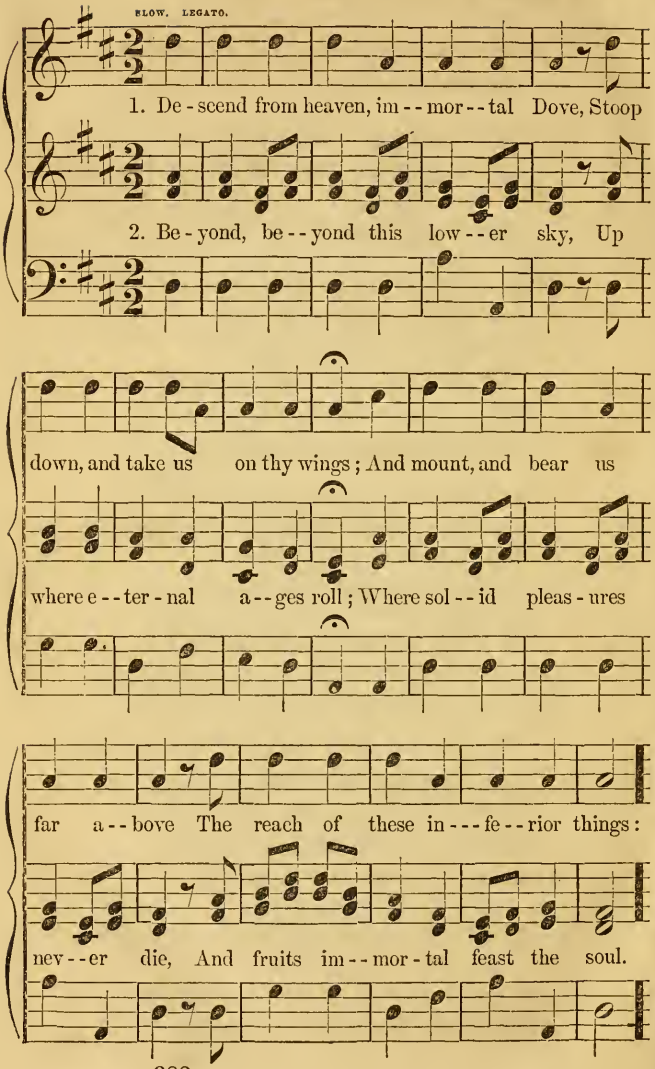

1. What is life? 't is but a vapor;
   Soon it vanishes away:
   Life is but a dying taper;
   O my soul, why wish to stay?
   Why not spread thy wings and fly
   Straight to yonder world of joy?

2. See that glory, how resplendent!
   Brighter far than fancy paints;
   There, in majesty transcendent,
   Jesus reigns the King of saints:
   Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
   Straight to yonder world of joy.

3. Joyful crowds his throne surrounding,
   Sing with rapture of his love;
   Through the heavens his praises sounding,
   Filling all the courts above:
   Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
   Straight to yonder world of joy.

4. Go and share his people's glory,
   Mid the ransomed crowd appear;
   Thine 's a joyful, wondrous story,
   One that angels love to hear:
   Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
   Straight to yonder world of joy. KELLY.

## CAPTIVITY. L. M. From the German.



3. O for a sight, a blissful sight
   Of our almighty Father's throne!
   There sits our Saviour, crowned with light,
   Clothed in a body like our own.

4. Adoring saints around him stand,
   And thrones and powers before him fall;
   The God shines gracious through the man,
   And sheds sweet glories on them all!

5. When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,
   That I shall mount to dwell above;
   And stand and bow among them there,
   And view thy face, and sing, and love?

WATTS.

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365. Reuben. L. M.

1. What sinners value, I resign;
   Lord, 't is enough that thou art mine:
   I shall behold thy blissful face,
   And stand complete in righteousness.

2. This life 's a dream, an empty show;
   But the bright world to which I go
   Hath joys substantial and sincere;
   When shall I wake and find me there?

3. O glorious hour! O blest abode!
   I shall be near, and like my God!
   And flesh and sin no more control
   The sacred pleasures of the soul.

4. My flesh shall slumber in the ground
   Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
   Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
   And in my Saviour's image rise.

WATTS.

## DELIGHT. C. M.

HASTINGS.

QUICK, BUT WITH TENDERNESS.

1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where
2. There ev----er--last-ing spring a--bides, And
3. Sweet fields, be-yond the swell-ing flood, Stand

saints im---mor---tal reign; E----ter---nal day ex-

nev---er---with-'ring flowers; Death, like a nar--row

dressed in liv---ing green; So to the Jews old

cludes the night, And pleas---ures ban---ish pain.

sea, di--vides This heaven--ly land from ours.

Ca---naan stood, While Jor---dan rolled be--tween.

4. But timorous mortals start and shrink
   To cross this narrow sea;
   And linger, shivering, on the brink,
   And fear to launch away.

5. Oh! could we make our doubts remove,
   Those gloomy doubts that rise,
   And see the Canaan that we love,
   With unbeclouded eyes;

6. Could we but climb where Moses stood,
   And view the landscape o'er,
   Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood
   Should fright us from the shore.

WATTS.

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367. The Heavenly Jerusalem. C. M.

1. Jerusalem! my happy home!
   Name ever dear to me!
   When shall my labors have an end,
   In joy, and peace, and thee?

2. When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
   And pearly gates behold?
   Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
   And streets of shining gold?

3. O when, thou city of my God,
   Shall I thy courts ascend,
   Where congregations ne'er break up,
   And Sabbaths have no end?

4. There happier bowers than Eden bloom,
   Nor sin nor sorrow know:
   Blest seats, through rude and stormy scenes,
   I onward press to you.

C. WESLEY.

## LUDLOWVILLE. 8s, SINGLE.

1. To Je--sus, the crown of my hope, My
2. My Sav-iour, whom ab-sent I love, Whom
soul is in haste to be gone; O bear me, ye
not hav-ing seen, I a--dore, Whose name is ex-
cher-u-bim, up, And waft me a--way to his throne.
alt-ed a---bove All glo--ry, do--min-ion, and power:

3. Dissolve thou the bands that detain
My soul from her portion in thee;
O strike off the adamant chain,
And make me eternally free.

4. Then that happy era begins,
When arrayed in thy glory I shine,
And no longer pierce with my sins
The bosom on which I recline.

5. O then shall the veil be removed,
And round me thy brightness be poured;
I shall see him whom absent I loved,
Whom, not having seen, I adored.

COWPER.

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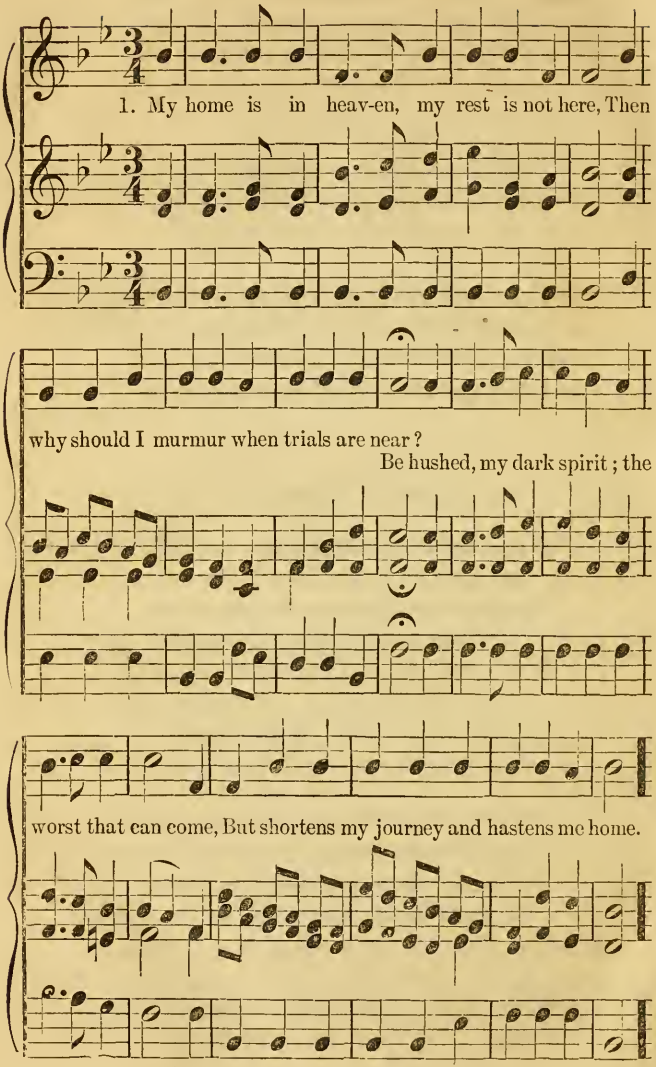
369. On the Death of a Missionary. 8s.

1. Weep not for the saint that ascends
To partake of the joys of the sky;
Weep not for the seraph that bends
With the worshipping chorus on high:
Weep not for the spirit now crowned
With the garland to martyrdom given;
O weep not for him, he has found
His reward and his refuge in heaven.

2. But weep for their sorrows who stand
And lament o'er the dead by his grave;
Who sigh when they muse on the land
Of their home far away o'er the wave:
And weep for the nations that dwell
Where the light of the truth never shone;
Where anthems of peace never swell,
And the love of the Lord is unknown.

## HEAVENLY HOME. 11s. ENGLISH.



## 370. Home in Heaven. 11s.

1. My home is in heaven, my rest is not here,
Then why should I murmur when trials are near?
Be hushed, my dark spirit; the worst that can come
But shortens my journey and hastens me home.

2. It is not for me to be seeking my bliss,
And building my hopes in a region like this;
I seek for a city which hands have not piled,
I pant for a country by sin undefiled.

3. The thorn and the thistle around me may grow,
I would not recline upon roses below;
I ask not my portion, I seek not my rest,
Till I find them for ever in Jesus' breast.

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## 371. I am Weary. 11s.

1. I'm weary of straying—O fain would I rest
In the far distant land of the pure and the blest;
Where sin can no longer her blandishments spread,
And tears and temptations for ever have fled.

2. I'm weary of sighing o'er sorrows of earth,
O'er joy's glowing visions that fade at their birth,
O'er the pangs of the loved that we cannot assuage,
O'er the blightings of youth and the weakness of age.

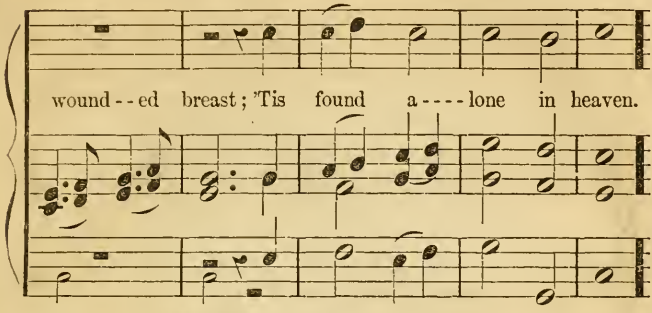
3. I'm weary of loving what passes away:
The sweetest, the dearest, alas, may not stay;
I long for the land where these partings are o'er,
And death and the tomb can divide hearts no more.

4. I'm weary, my Saviour, of grieving thy love;
O, when shall I rest in thy presence above?
I'm weary, but Oh, let me never repine
While thy word and thy love and thy promise are mine.

## LANESBOROUGH. C. P. M. ENGLISH.

1. There is an hour of peace-ful rest, To mourn-ing wan-derers given; There is a joy for souls dis---tressed, A balm for eve---ry

LANESBOROUGH—CONTINUED.




372. The Heavenly Rest. C. P. M.

1. There is an hour of peaceful rest,
   To mourning wanderers given;
   There is a joy for souls distressed,
   A balm for every wounded breast—
   'T is found alone in heaven.

2. There is a home for weary souls,
   By sin and sorrow driven;
   When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
   Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
   And all is drear but heaven.

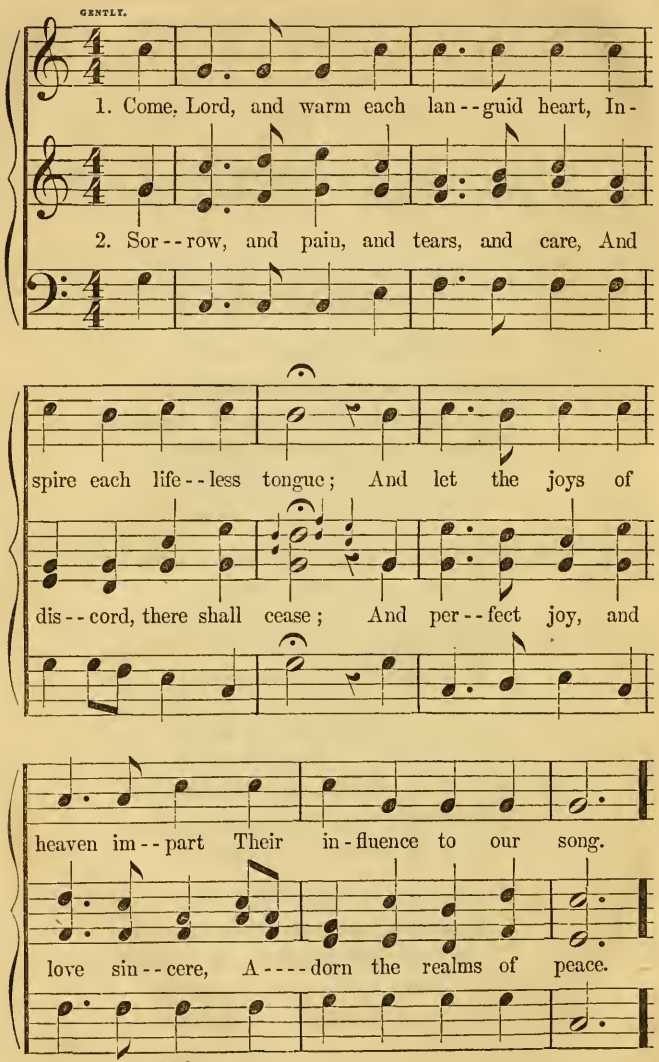
3. There, faith lifts up her cheerful eye
   To brighter prospects given,
   And views the tempest passing by,
   The evening shadows quickly fly,
   And all serene in heaven.

4. There, fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
   And joys supreme are given:
   There, rays divine disperse the gloom;
   Beyond the confines of the tomb
   Appears the dawn of heaven.

W. B. TAPPAN.

## BROWN. C. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.



3. There, on a throne of radiant light,
   The exalted Saviour shines,
   And beams ineffable delight
   On all the heavenly minds.

4. There shall the followers of the Lamb
   Join in immortal songs,
   And endless honors to his name
   Employ their tuneful tongues.

STEELE.

---

374. Heaven. C. M.

1. Nor eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,
   Nor sense nor reason known,
   What joys the Father hath prepared
   For those who love the Son.

2. But the good Spirit of the Lord
   Reveals a heaven to come:
   The beams of glory in his word
   Allure and guide us home.

3. Pure are the joys above the sky,
   And all the region peace;
   No wanton lips nor envious eye
   Can see or taste the bliss.

4. Those holy gates for ever bar
   Pollution, sin, and shame;
   None shall obtain admittance there,
   But followers of the Lamb.

5. He keeps the Father's book of life;
   There all their names are found:
   The hypocrite in vain shall strive
   To tread the heavenly ground.

WATTS.

## ARAGON. C. M

BALDI.

1. Oh, could our thoughts and wish---es fly A-
2. There joys, un--seen by mor---tal eyes Or
bove these gloom-y shades, To those bright worlds be-
rea--son's fee--ble ray, In ev---er--bloom-ing
yond the sky, Which sor--------row ne'er in-vades!
pros-pect rise, Un--con-------scious of de-cay.

3. Lord, send a beam of light divine
To guide our upward aim;
With one reviving touch of thine
Our languid hearts inflame.

4. Then shall, on faith's sublimest wing,
Our ardent wishes rise
To those bright scenes where pleasures spring
Immortal in the skies.

STEELE.

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## 376. The Promised Land. C. M.

1. Far from these narrow scenes of night,
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

2. Far distant land! could mortal eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more.

3. There pain and sickness never come;
There grief no more complains;
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And purest pleasure reigns.

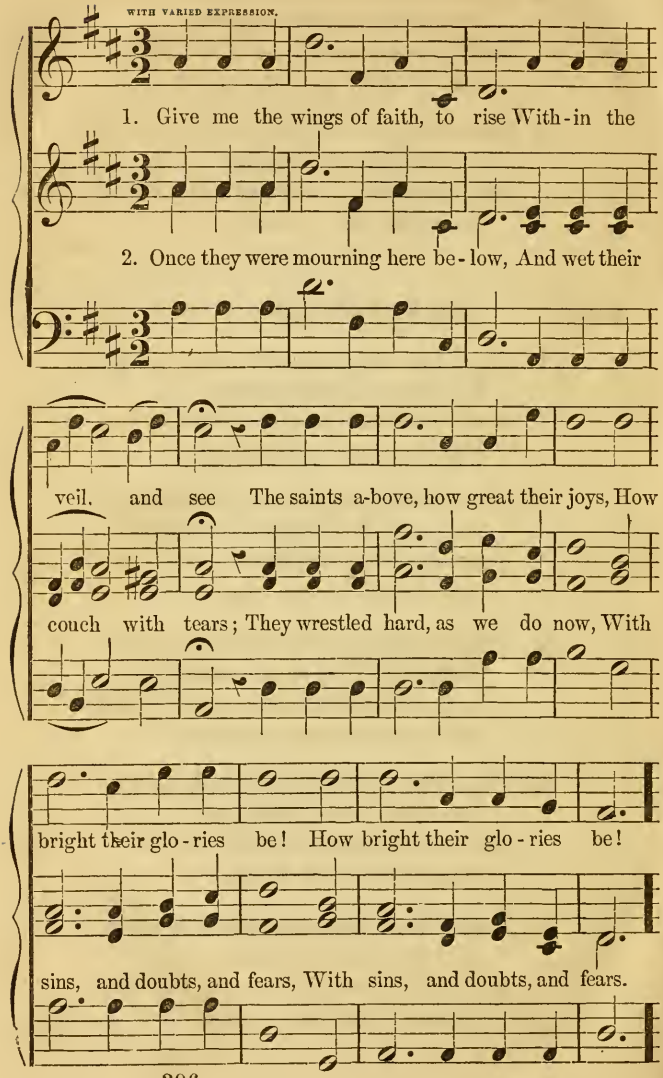
4. No cloud those blissful regions know,
For ever bright and fair;
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

5. There no alternate night is known,
Nor sun's faint sickening ray;
But glory, from the eternal throne,
Spreads everlasting day.

STEELE.

## LATOUR. C. M.

HASTINGS.



3. I ask them whence their victory came;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

4. They marked the footsteps that he trod,
His zeal inspired their breast,
And following their incarnate God,
Possessed the promised rest.

WATTS.

---

378. The Everlasting Song. C. M.

1. Earth has engrossed my love too long;
'T is time I lift mine eyes
Upward, dear Father, to thy throne,
And to my native skies.

2. There the blest man, my Saviour, sits
The God, how bright he shines!
And scatters infinite delights
On all the happy minds.

3. Seraphs, with elevated strains,
Circle the throne around,
And move and charm the starry plains
With an immortal sound.

4. Jesus the Lord their harps employs;
Jesus, my love, they sing;
Jesus, the life of all our joys,
Sounds sweet from every string.

5. Now let me mount and join their song,
And be an angel too;
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
Here 's joyful work for you.

WATTS.

## BIRMINGHAM. 8s, DOUBLE. ENGLISH.

1. { Ye an-gels, who stand round the throne, And
In rap-tur-ous songs make him known; Tune,

2. { Ye saints, who stand near-er than they, And
His grace and his glo-ry dis---play, And

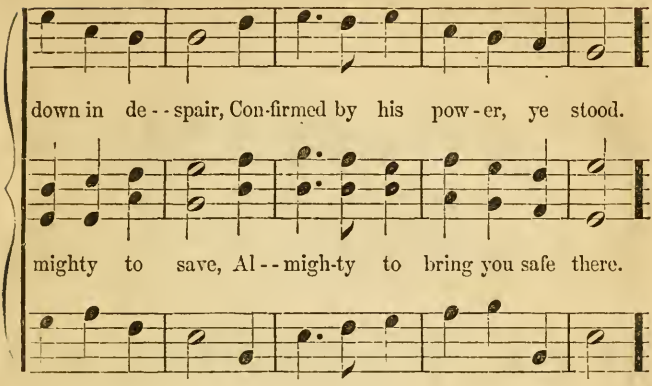
view my Im-man-u-el's face, } He formed you the spir-its you
tune your soft harps to his praise: }

cast your bright crowns at his feet, } He snatched you from hell and
all his rich mer-cy re-peat: } the

are, So hap-py, so no-ble, so good; When oth-ers sunk

grave; He ransomed from death and de-spair; For you he was

BIRMINGHAM—CONTINUED.

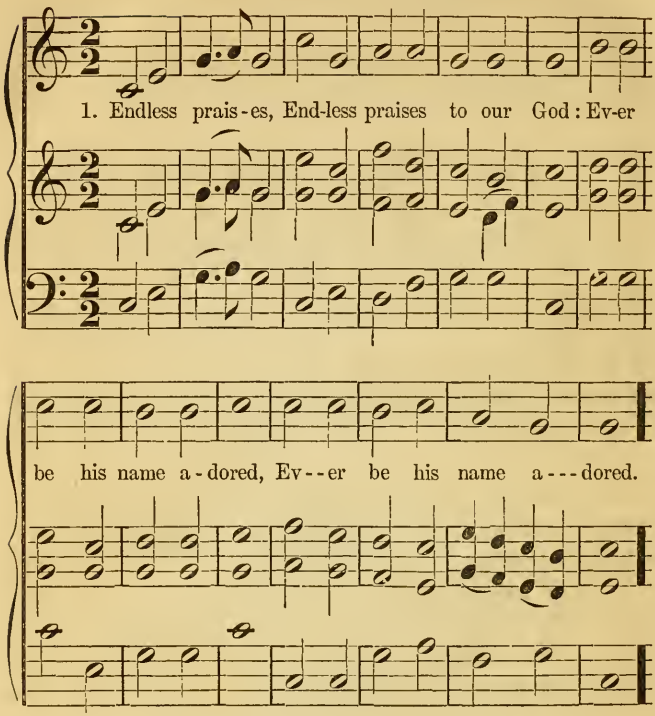



3. O, when will the period appear
   When I shall unite in your song?
   I 'm weary of lingering here,
   And I to your Saviour belong!
   I 'm fettered and chained up in clay;
   I struggle and pant to be free;
   I long to be soaring away,
   My God and my Saviour to see.

4. I want to put on my attire,
   Washed white in the blood of the Lamb:
   I want to be one of your choir,
   And tune my sweet harp to his name:
   I want—Oh, I want to be there,
   Where sorrow and sin bid adieu,
   Your joy and your friendship to share,
   To wonder and worship with you.

M. DE FLEURY.

## ENDLESS PRAISES. HASTINGS.




**380.** Doxology.

1. Endless praises to our God:
   Ever be his name adored.
2. Angels, crown him, crown the Lamb;
   He is worthy, praise his name.
3. Saints, adore him for his grace
   To our guilty, fallen race.
4. Saints and angels, join to sing,
   Glory to our God and King.

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